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[NO LOVE LOST.]

POOR LOO.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOO'S DREAMS.

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."
SHELLEY.

"Don't be foolish, Loo, it's only Herbert Dorset," said Robert Marker, soothing her as well as he could. "The child's nerves are unstrung," he added, turning to Mabel Travers with a glance that conveyed more serious warning than his words, "and she must be kept quiet for a time."

But Mabel, conscious of Loo's dislike to Herbert, and anxious also to spare him as much pain as possible, as the sad tragedy that had occurred in his home must have been a terrible shock to him, walked towards him, extended her hand, and asked:

"How do you do, Herbert? How are they all at home?"

"I don't know; as usual, I suppose. You had better ask Lady Travers—she has been there. I don't live at home now."

He jerked these words out, his eyes fixed upon Loo meanwhile. Then he asked suddenly:

"Why does she run away from me like that. She doesn't think I did it, does she?"

At which Loo, who had slightly recovered, and whose sense of justice nerved her to speak, now raised her head, and looking towards him, said:

"Oh, no, I know you didn't."

"You know I didn't? How do you know it?"
"You weren't in the house that night, that was what made Constance so wild with rage."

"Then why do you run away from me?"

Loo hung her head, but made no reply. She might have said he pinched and slapped her, sometimes forcibly kissed her, but it was none of it sufficient to account for the wild frantic terror with which his presence inspired her.

And even when she had conquered the impulse to fly, and had been in the same room with him for a time, it would break forth again at the least abrupt movement on his part, as though she thought he was about to pounce upon and kill her.

"Why do you run away from me?" demanded Herbert, again. "What reason have you for it?"

"You—you frighten me," replied Loo, reluctantly. "You always did frighten me," with a little more petulance in her tone.

"I don't want to. I'm very fond of you, Loo. Won't you shake hands and be friends?"

Loo's first impulse was to shrink back and say:

"No."

But she glanced at Robert Marker, and then at Mabel's face, and the same expression was palpable enough on both of them. They thought she ought to be friends with Herbert.

But she could not. Her very soul seemed to rebel at the idea of a compact of friendship with the youth she had begun to look upon as her natural enemy, and she clasped her hands firmly as she said:

"I don't want to be anything but friends, but you used to pinch and slap me, and the last time I was going to shake hands you made me cry with squeezing it so. There were blue marks on it for days after, and then you pretended you were fond of me, and wanted to be friends."

"But I won't serve you so now," he urged.

"No, I don't mean to try. People needn't shake hands to be friends, need they, Mr. Marker?"

Before the young surgeon could answer, however, Lady Travers swept into the room, dinner was

announced, and the party in due order descended to the dining-room.

"I have been to see Elaine," began Lady Travers, as soon as she had taken off the keen edge of her appetite by the aid of soup and fish, "and she was very dull and miserable, and, as I think, very foolish."

"Don't you think we had better talk about something else, aunt?" said Mabel Travers, with just the least shade of asperity in her tone. "For my part I am weary of the subject."

"Of course you are mistress here!" replied the old lady, with a toss of the head, "and can order anything you choose, even to the subject of conversation at dinner. I am really sorry I presumed to ask Herbert to come back with me without first asking your permission!"

"You need not be," was the calm reply. "I am very glad to see you, Herbert, and I hope you will come up and dine with us whenever you feel inclined to. You and Loo will be better friends soon, I hope. I expect you have teased her a good deal."

"Thank you," replied the lad.

But his glance at Loo expressed rather a determination to conquer than a desire to conciliate, and an involuntary shudder or shiver of cold came over the child as she looked at him, and before her mental vision flashed the picture of poor little Freddy at the mouth of the well, his night-gown and the blanket in which he was wrapped stained with his life's blood.

The child had been a favourite with them all. Constance herself had played and romped with him that very day; yet somebody killed him, and if it were any of the Dorsets who thus gave proof of their love, poor Loo could not help wondering what the consequence of their hate might be.

Beyond this slight skirmish and the fact that after it Lady Travers gave herself the air of a suffering saint, the dinner passed pleasantly enough. Mr. Marker exerted himself to be amusing and to make the others talk, till even her ladyship was

slightly thawed, and the fate of poor Freddy Dorset was for the time forgotten by all of them.

That night, when the guests had departed and Loo was ready for bed, Mabel Travers went into the room as usual to say good-night, with an idea, also, of expressing her regret that she should cherish any resentment against Herbert Dorset.

It was so very seldom that the child she had adopted ever gave any occasion for reproof, and their affection for each other was so great, that Mabel scarcely knew how to commence, and while she was hesitating Loo asked:

"Do you ever dream, auntie?"

"Sometimes, my dear," was the reply: "why?"

"Because I so often dream, and almost always about the same lady."

"Indeed! Is it somebody you know?"

"No, I never see her, except in my dreams, and sometimes when I have looked in the glass there has seemed the lady's face in my own for an instant, but it always fades away, for my hair and eyes are darker than hers, but her face seems to be there in mine till it grows misty and falls away just as in those dissolving views we saw the other day."

"Do you dream that the lady speaks to you, my dear?" asked her protectress.

"Not often. Sometimes she says 'My child,' but that is all, yet she always seems near to me, and if I close my eyes now I shall seem to feel her as close as you are now. I wonder if she can be my own mother."

"But you said, dear, that your mother was called Suma, a strange name, or we might have been able more easily to find her."

"Yes, but Suma was brown—quite brown like that woman we met to-day in Westbourne Grove. I thought it was she at first. Could she be my mother? I am quite as white as you are, auntie."

"Yes, and fairer, too, my dear; but don't trouble yourself about it. Your dreams don't frighten you, do they?"

"Oh, no. The beautiful lady makes me feel so happy when she is with me; it seems as though if she were by I could never suffer any pain or grief again."

"That is satisfactory; but why were you so sharp with Herbert to-night? I noticed you would not even shake hands with him when he went away."

The bright look on the child's face clouded, and a shiver as of cold passed over her delicate frame, though the night was hot and sultry, and she replied, with a kind of breathless haste:

"He frightens me. It isn't that he pinches and slaps me—though he does that sometimes, or he did before he went away to school. I'd bear the pain of that and wouldn't mind, but when he shakes hands with me his hands seem to burn through mine, and when he will kiss me, and he will sometimes, if I struggle ever so hard—oh, it is awful. I would rather die."

And the sensitive child hid her face in the pillow and trembled so violently that Mabel Travers was quite alarmed at this unusual exhibition of feeling.

"Loo, my dear, calm yourself; you will be quite ill if you go on like this. I can't understand it. Has Herbert ever done or said anything to make you hold him in such terror?"

"Only what I tell you, auntie; but if he touches me I tremble, and Constance used to set him on to tease me; perhaps that made him worse, and then my dreams about both of them were so dreadful. But I don't think they were only dreams. I didn't say so, but I feel sure that Constance came into our room that dreadful night, and stood by my side with something bright in her hand. I asked her the next day, and she got in a rage with me, and then I felt sure it was not all a dream."

"But, my dear, unless you have no possible doubt about her being there at that fearful time you ought not to breathe a word about it, even to me, for remember her life might be endangered by it, and if it should be a mistake on your part you would never forgive yourself."

"Yes, that was what I thought, and I have never said anything about it but to Constance and you, and if she did do it," with a shudder, "the remembrance must be very frightful for her. I should think she would be afraid of the dark for ever afterwards. And if she didn't it must be awful to be in prison and be innocent too."

"Nay, if she is innocent, my dear, being in prison for a time is a trifle, it is the worm that never dies in a scared conscience that we have most to fear; but now try to go to sleep, and as soon as this wretched matter is over we will go away from England for a few years. I have been anxious to go to Italy for a long time. Go to sleep and dream that you are climbing high mountains and gathering

lovely flowers. I shall leave the door open between our rooms. Good-night."

And Mabel Travers sought her own couch, but she could not sleep; Loo's behaviour and conversation had strangely impressed her.

She knew that the child was singularly sensitive, and she wondered why she should dream of the fair lady, and also if she knew anything more than she had said about Constance Dorset.

Then her thoughts wandered off to Herbert Dorset, and she wondered, half amused and half perplexed at the odd and contradictory feelings with which the youth seemed to regard her protégée.

So the hours rolled on, she could not sleep, her brain was too active, and yet her limbs were tired, her eyes heavy, and she tried over and over again to repeat the multiplication tables backward; to count up long and puzzling sums, and yet through it all she was wide awake and the morning light was dawning in the room, making everything seem of a dull grey tint, when Mabel Travers was astonished to see Loo walk into the room, approach the dressing-table, and stand before the toilet glass.

"Can't you sleep, dear?" asked the lady; but the child gave no reply.

Again the question was repeated with the same result, and Mabel rose up in bed to look at her.

The child was sound asleep, though her eyes were open; it was the first time that she had been seen to walk in her sleep, and Mabel knelt up in the bed and watched her.

For a time she stood still, her hands pressed upon her face muttering some indistinct words which the listener could make nothing out of, then she suddenly threw out her hands with horror, exclaiming:

"He is coming! he is coming!"

For a few seconds she stood still as though overpowered with fear, then she walked to one of the windows and tried to lift the sash, but before she could do so Mabel was at her side.

At this instant, however, before even she could put her hand on the child, a strange sound came from the room which Loo had just vacated, for the window which looked on the garden at the back of the house was gently and cautiously lifted, and Mabel's strained hearing detected that some one had lightly jumped into the room.

Her first impulse was to fly to the bell-rope and alarm the house, but she noticed that Loo stood transfixed, hearing nothing, but as though paralysed with terror and the consciousness of some great and rapidly approaching danger from which there could be no escape.

It was this sight that nerved Mabel Travers; she put her hand on the girl's shoulder, shook her gently and said:

"Loo, dear, wake up; sit, sit down there," and she pushed her into a low easy chair, then catching up a policeman's rattle which she always kept by her bedside, she walked into the next room, to confront the last creature she would have thought of seeing there—her sister's stepson, Herbert Dorset!

CHAPTER XVII.

LOO'S TERROR.

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread." COLERIDGE.

"HERBERT, what do you do here?" asked Mabel Travers, facing the young man.

"I—I—where is Loo?"

"What do you mean? Do you know what hour of the night it is? Leave the house this moment by the way you came, or I will arouse everybody in the place and hand you over to the police."

"Aunt Mabel, I want to be friends with Loo; everybody turns against me. Father won't have me in his house; people look at me as though I had done something dreadful, and you saw Loo wouldn't even shake hands with me."

"I am not surprised at anybody cutting your acquaintance after your behaviour here to-night," replied the lady, severely; "do you know that you have broken into my house like a common burglar, and that I could send you to prison for it? And now leave at once, or I will raise an alarm and then nothing can save you."

"Aunt Mabel."

"Begone."

"I want to tell you something."

"Go; not another minute will I stand here. Loo, ring the bells and call the servants," and Mabel Travers began to swing round the heavy rattle, but the youth sprang upon and caught it from her hands.

"Now you shall hear me," he exclaimed, with reckless determination.

But, before she could express her indignation, voices were heard outside the room door, and Mabel, turning a white angry face towards him, said:

"Now you will be branded for ever."

For one second Herbert Dorset hesitated and stood looking at her, then he sang down the rattle, sprang to the window and got out of it, descending by the ivy which covered that part of the house.

Not a moment too soon either, for scarcely had his head disappeared beneath the window sill than the cook and housemaid, both of them in a state of undress and so frightened that they clung to each other, came timidly into their mistress's room.

Mabel heard them, but she had self-possession enough to pull down the window sash, secure it with the hasp and walk back into her own sleeping apartment, where Loo was still reclining asleep in the chair where she had pushed, her and the two frightened women were standing looking at the empty bed in terror.

"I thought I heard someone in Miss Loo's room," she said, advancing towards them, and I sprang the rattle. I suppose that was what woke you."

"No, miss, we heard some man creeping up the ivy, and we was a wful frightened, but we couldn't be still for you to be murdered in your bed, so we got up to rouse you."

"A man?" repeated Mabel, in well-feigned alarm, "did you see him?"

"Yes, miss," interposed the housemaid, "he was dressed like a gentleman, and seemed for all the world like Mr. Herbert Dorset as dined here last night."

"Hush, for goodness sake don't talk like that or you'll frighten the child,"—with a glance at Loo—"out of her senses. She's frightened to death of him already. Let us go through the house and examine all the doors and windows; but don't wake Miss Loo; she shall sleep in my bed the rest of the night."

Thinking there might be safety in numbers the servants assented and, accompanied by their mistress, diligently went through every room in the house. Lady Travers's chamber excepted, and examined the fastenings and possible hiding places minutely, but of course without making any discoveries, and the servants at last returned to bed and Mabel sought her own couch, there to fall into a deep though troubled slumber, from which she was only aroused to be told breakfast was on the table and it was nine o'clock.

And even then Loo still slept heavily by her side, and she received if possible to avoid waking her.

What a beautiful child she looked as she lay there, the perfect yet child-like features, the pure white complexion tinted just so faintly with pink upon the cheeks, while the blue veins on temple and eyelids looked only more delicate when contrasted with the half-parted lips, between which could be seen her small white even teeth.

"She will cause many a headache," thought Mabel, with a sigh, as she fondly looked on her; "perhaps will suffer the most herself, poor child, it is the lot of woman as a rule; but she has begun early; if all her lovers are as troublesome as Herbert we shall have anything but a pleasant time of it."

And with a smile at the absurd possibilities that her imagination conjured up Mabel Travers dressed and went down to the breakfast-room, where Lady Travers was impatiently awaiting her.

"Loo not down yet," commented her ladyship, with an impatient glance at the door.

"No, I left her asleep," was the reply; "she can have her breakfast later."

"A nice way to bring up a child, I must say," grumbled the old woman; "see how she behaved yesterday to Herbert. I felt quite ashamed of her, the low born, vindictive little wretch."

"I wish you wouldn't use such expressions, aunt," was the dignified reply. "She is not vindictive, and Herbert did not deserve that she should shake hands with him; you will also oblige me by not inviting him to any house where I am living again; his father had good reason for forbidding him his house, you may depend upon it."

"I am sure he behaved well enough when he was here. I never heard such narrow-mindedness in my life; I consider Herbert very much ill-used, and though he is no kin of mine, if I had been provided for as I ought to have been I should have offered him a home with me. I admire him very much; he is almost a young man, and will be a very handsome one; you have imbibed all Elaine's prejudices against the poor boy, and though she is your sister I must say I think she is anything but a model step-mother."

"And I think few women would have the patience and affection for a set of selfish, unruly children such as Elaine has for those of her husband; but we will not discuss her any further, if you please, I don't wish to have Herbert here again, that is all; I am thinking of going on the Continent also; where do you think of going this autumn?"

"I don't know; the Whites and the Browns and the Pierces have been asking me to go with them, but I don't care about it. I suppose I shall have to go with you as usual."

"Perhaps you had better accept one of the invitations," suggested her niece, pouring out the tea. "I am thinking of travelling about a good deal, and the exertion would be too much for you, besides I don't know when I shall return. I might even decide to live upon the Continent for some years, for the sake of Loo's education; of course you could come to me when we are settled, if you care to do so; but until then I was wondering where you would like to go and what arrangements you would care to make as I should let this house if I carry out my present plans."

"Let the house?" repeated Lady Travers, in amazement and anger; "what can you be thinking of, Mabel: will you let it furnished, too?"

"Yes, why not? A few things that I prize the most I can have packed up and sent to me wherever I am, and for the rest I have no great affection for chairs and tables, and can buy more on my return if they are worn out. But the question is, aunt, what will you do?"

"What can I do? Go to the parish, I suppose." "I don't think it is necessary for you to do that, but you are your own mistress; what I was going to suggest is that you pay a visit to some of your numerous friends until Loo and I settle down somewhere, and then you either come to and live with us or that I allow you two hundred a year inclusive of the fifty you now have and you live in England, or with whom you choose."

Lady Travers bit her thin lip savagely.

As may be gathered from this conversation Mabel had thrown over a great deal of her dread of her aunt and deference to her caprices during the three years that Loo had been an inmate of the house, and the old woman's threats of going to the workhouse had lost their point and influence.

"How am I to live on two hundred a year?" she exclaimed, pettishly; "if I'd got the house it would be different, but without it I can't do it."

"I can't let you have this house, aunt, furnished as it is, it will let for the value of the income I offer you."

"Then I must come and live with you."

"Very well, but I wish you to understand that we shall live in very modest style in some continental town or village. Three hundred a year will probably cover the whole of our expenses."

"But what are you doing all this for? Why are you turning so stingy? I don't understand it."

"I wish to economise and save money for a reason of my own," as the Irishman said. You had better think the matter over, aunt; you needn't decide at once."

Thus the matter dropped; but later in the day Mabel Travers went to see her sister, Mrs. Dorset, and tell her of Herbert's last escapade, also of her intention to go abroad.

"Then I would leave aunt behind," said that gentle lady. "I don't like to say anything that may seem ill-natured, but she has determined to do Loo some injury, and she will hesitate at nothing till she has accomplished it."

And then she produced the brooch that Lady Travers had brought her and told her the history of it.

"The vile old woman," exclaimed Mabel, hotly. "I will go away as soon as I can, and she shall never live with me again. It would serve her right, too, if I left her to her own resources, and made her no allowance at all."

"Undoubtedly it would," assented her sister. "I have often wondered how you could put up with her."

"You see she was Frederick's mother," returned Mabel, sadly, "and though it is true she stood in my way and prevented his marrying me, I could not help feeling when he died and she was left penniless, that I should be doing as, if I had been his wife, he would have me do in providing for his mother. That was why I offered her a home when I became rich. Poor Charlie! if he had but lived six months longer I should have had money enough for both of us."

"That may be true enough, Mabel, but I wonder you don't marry. I know you have had more than one chance. There is that nice young surgeon, Mr. Marker. I believe it would require but very little encouragement to make him propose."

"No, he and I are very good friends, Elaine,

nothing more. I don't suppose I shall ever marry. There are some women who can love again and again, and the last love is always the brightest and best; but there are others who embark all their treasure in one vessel, and if that is lost they are bankrupt in feeling, as were it gold they might be in pocket. I am of the latter class, and no man has had the power to make my pulse beat higher or my heart throb with emotion since Frederick's death, nor do I think one ever will, so I suppose I shall describe myself as Mabel Travers, spinster, to the end of the chapter."

"I am sorry for it, dear; and yet—"

The unfinished sentence told a history of pain and suffering, possibly of regret. Her own married life had produced more thorns than roses, and she could never wish another woman to suffer as she had done.

"I shall be off in the course of another week or two," observed Mabel, changing the subject in a more cheerful tone. "But what of Constance?"

"Oh, have you not heard?" asked Mrs. Dorset. "She has been discharged for want of evidence, though her father has had to be surety for her being forthcoming at any future time to the amount of two hundred pounds, so the matter stands, and nothing more has been discovered."

"It is very terrible," said Mabel. "To feel that you are perhaps living in a house with someone who has committed such a horrible crime, and without being able to say who is the culprit."

"Perhaps it is as well not to be able to do so," remarked her sister, with a shiver, as she took up her baby in her arms and pressed it to her breast.

It was all she had left except her step-children, and though she was not unkind she often seemed to shun them now, but the baby she would never spare from her side.

Day and night it was always in the same room with her, and often she would wake up in the night and stretch out her hand to touch it to assure herself that it had not met the same fate as its little brother.

The spectre of fear and suspicion had entered that household, every member of it distrusted, the other in a greater or less degree, and feelings of confidence, love and trust had departed from it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER THE ROSES.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive." SCOTT.

DRAYTON ABBEY, sixteen years after the commencement of our story, presents pretty much the same appearance as it did the day we first visited it.

The great pile of building with its old Elizabethan style of architecture and its quaint but gorgeous flower gardens and beautifully-ornamented grounds, looks brighter and fresher even than of old, showing its superiority over the human form divine, upon which each succeeding year leaves its trace in characters so bold and legible that all who run may read.

Thus it is that while Drayton Abbey looks as though time could scarcely touch it, except to add to its beauty, Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard, its stately mistress, appears care and world worn, as though life were dull, heavy, and weary, and she was looking forward to that refuge of the tired heart and soul, the quiet grave.

In Lady Elizabeth's eye there is a weary, hopeless glance, as though she had tried all the springs of hope and joy and found them unsatisfying, or salt and bitter to the taste.

She is changed much. Her overbearing, imperious temper now but rarely shows itself, and Mrs. Fish, who still lives with her, wonders sometimes when she washes her white plump hands with invisible and imperceptible water as of old, how it is her ladyship allows so much to slip past her without notice or care and only occasionally and in extreme cases asserts her position and dignity.

But Mrs. Fish never did and never will understand Lady Elizabeth, any more than a poor field mouse could estimate the power of the monarch of the forest.

For her ladyship was most weak and yielding where her reputed niece was concerned.

Not out of any great affection for her. At least, if she entertained, she but rarely showed it, but she made little or no effort to control her, thus leaving the spoiled girl to go pretty much her own way.

"I can't stay here and see that dark creature in my daughter's place," Captain Fitz-Howard Hill remarked, when he came back to the Abbey, having heard the lawyer's advice and opinion concerning

the child; "I don't ask you to keep her either, Elizabeth; put her out to nurse, if you like. I shall hunt everywhere under Heaven for that woman and my own daughter, and until I find them I shall know no rest or happiness."

"I pray that you may be successful," replied his sister-in-law, with a sad smile; "and as I hope it will not be long before her own mother comes to claim her, and until then she may as well remain here as be sent elsewhere; when do you begin your search?"

"To-morrow," was the reply.

But many to-morrows passed and yet nothing was discovered.

Mr. Gorrledge discovered that someone else was on the same hunt as himself, and when he discovered who it was his suspicions as to the identity of the child were confirmed, but his possible hold upon Lady Elizabeth was loosened, and the oath he had taken to be master of Drayton Abbey seemed but as so much wasted and empty breath. Up to the present moment he seemed as likely to have the destinies of the crown of Great Britain at his command as the rent roll and revenues of Drayton, even leaving out the possession of its haughty but once lovely mistress.

Thus the years have rolled on and Miss Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill, the dark-eyed child saved from the wreck of the "Lurline," is to-day celebrating her sixteenth birthday.

The day is hot and sultry, windows are open, sun-blinds keep off the glare of heat and light, and the fall of rippling water from the fountains gives Lady Elizabeth a delicious sense of coolness and comfort as she reclines on a low chair in the deep bay window and occasionally lifts her eyes from her novel to the bright-hued scene without.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by hearing her own name pronounced, and looking up she sees a dark lovely girl, with big black prominent rolling eyes, shaded by thick eyelids and long curling eyelashes, with a complexion which seems as though the sun had burnt beneath the skin and made it permanently brown or yellow.

Her features, though somewhat large and voluptuous are perfect in their shape and regularity, and her figure looks rather like the fully developed form of a woman of four or five and twenty than that of a girl who has not long since entered her teens.

Rather above the medium height she has an arrogant manner and bearing, speaking to her inferiors in station as though they were dogs, and often being barely polite or gracious even to Lady Elizabeth herself.

Not that the mistress of Drayton Abbey brooks any insolence or impertinence from the granddaughter of an ayah, as she mentally terms the girl, and a glance from her cold imperial blue eye makes those of the girl droop and compels submission and obedience.

There is no party at the Abbey to celebrate the birthday, for Lady Elizabeth has not encouraged friendly intercourse or familiarity with the young people of the neighbourhood, and Miss Elizabeth has been brought up very exclusively, her principal—nay, her sole companion and playmate being Arthur Fish.

This young gentleman, ten years her senior, had been articled to a solicitor in London, was now a junior partner in the firm, and only came down to Drayton Abbey with the ostensible object of seeing his mother occasionally on a Saturday, returning to town on Monday.

Usually, also, at Lady Elizabeth's invitation, he spent one week out of his yearly holiday at the Abbey, filling Elizabeth's mind with strange ideas, feeding her vanity with subtle flattery, making her conscious by every tone and glance that he loved her, and yet, with a caution worthy of his training, worthy also of such a mother, never committing himself by uttering one word that should express his feelings or intentions.

And Elizabeth having so few others to compare him to, being also impressionable and vain, liked his admiration, thought it only right and proper that he should adore her, but longed to make him say so, to bring him to her feet, and have her conquest seen and acknowledged by others; yet for all this she had no intention of marrying him, for the girl was proud, ambitious, and not too scrupulous.

She had neither forgotten or forgiven her repudiated father's reception of her, or rather his repudiation, and though she had heard no more of it a certain feeling of insecurity lurked in her heart, and made her feel that to assure her position she must make a good match.

And Elizabeth's ideas of a good match were somewhat exalted.

Very carefully had she studied the "Peerage and Landed Gentry," and already had she marked down three or four scions of noble houses, upon any

one of whom she might take the idea into consideration of bestowing herself.

There were some difficulties in the way, it is true, for Lady Elizabeth had for the last few years gradually withdrawn herself from her friends and acquaintances. Some had died, others had gone away, others she had quietly dropped, till it had become an event of unusual occurrence for the lady of the Abbey to either go to a dinner party or give one.

Mrs. Fish had expostulated, schemed, and manoeuvred, but in vain; invitations were declined and none sent in return for so long that they gradually ceased, the general opinion getting about that it was all part of a plan for guarding the young heiress against fortune-hunters, for that she would one day possess her aunt's share of the Drayton property as well as her mother's was now taken for granted.

Thus matters stood on this the girl's sixteenth birthday, but we must not, in thinking of and judging her, count her age by just so many summers and winters, springs and autumns, for in thought, feeling, knowledge, and physical development she is to all intents and purposes a full-grown, clever, scheming, beautiful woman, as old now as many Englishwomen are when they have ten years more to add to their age than she can count.

With these ideas and this object in view Arthur Fish helps to fill up the time that must elapse before Lady Elizabeth brings her out in society, for that she will do so neither Mrs. Fish or the girl herself have the least doubt.

And yet, nothing was farther from Lady Elizabeth's intention. To have this child of a servant presented to her sovereign as a representative of one of the noble families of the land, was not only utterly repugnant to her feelings, but a thing which nothing would induce her to do or consent to, and she is this day beginning to realise more keenly than ever the utter unwisdom of her conduct towards this girl.

From the open window in which she sits, half hidden by the June roses which cluster around and waft their perfume towards her, she hears also the sound of voices, and without intending to listen, part of a conversation taking place in the garden below falls upon her ear.

"Then you do love me, Lizzie?"

It was Arthur Fish who spoke, and could Lady Elizabeth have seen as well as heard the couple, she would have noticed that the tall man bent over the girl, while his arm encircled her supple waist.

"I suppose I have admitted it," was the reply; "but what is the use, aunt would never think of allowing me to marry you."

"Perhaps not; but you may as well let me ask her," pleaded the young man.

"And then she will never let you see me again; no, if you love me, Arthur, you must be cautious and careful; if aunt suspects us we are ruined, you will be forbidden the house, and I shall be married right off to some man with a big fortune and a title and whom I shall detest. No, you must promise me not to say a word to Aunt Elizabeth till I give you leave."

"But it seems dishonourable," urged the young man, "to come to her house, accept her kindness and to be engaged to you without her knowledge or consent. Before I spoke to you on the subject it was different—but now—"

"But now I am going to have my own way," with an imperious toss of the head. "I won't have you speak to aunt on the subject, it isn't as though she were my mother, and you must take me on my own terms or not at all."

"And what are our own terms, my darling?"

The voices died away, and Lady Elizabeth heard no more.

What she had heard, however, seemed to have stung her most keenly, and she sat up rigid in her chair, then got up and impatiently paced the room, a habit of hers when greatly agitated.

How vividly what she had heard brought back her own girlhood, her own long, hopeless love, hopeless because of the obstacles of birth and wealth, made greater when the shadow of crime came upon him who was dearer to her than life itself, and forgetting what but for her own thoughts would have struck her in the conversation she had just listened to, a warmer feeling than she had ever felt for the girl who had been brought from the wreck of the "Lurline," a sensation of sympathy and pity, a desire also to help her, coupled with the consciousness that some compensation must be due to her, when the truth sooner or later, concerning her parentage should come to light.

"Oh, what a mistake I made," she exclaimed, bitterly, "when I allowed this unintentional deception to be continued. But it must end, I will be a party to it no longer."

And so resolving she sat down to write a long letter to her brother-in-law, Captain Fitz-Howard

Hill, asking him to come as soon as possible to the Abbey.

Little did Miss Elizabeth think of the jeopardy in which her well-laid schemes were placed.

(To be Continued.)

Among the odd examples of Italianising names by native artists may be mentioned that of Signor Brocolini, an American basso, who has been singing with some success at Her Majesty's Opera-house during the past season. The gentleman hails from Brooklyn, and is known as John Clarke. Now, as there are already two popular actors named John Clark and J. S. Clark on the English stage, our operatic basso has, so says "The Theatre," transmogrified Brooklyn into Brocolini, a rather far-fetched etymology, and more suggestive of a favourite vegetable than the American city.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

We gather in our pleasant homes

This wild and stormy night;
The hour is filled with happiness,
With comfort's sweet delight.

Old songs we sing, old books we read,

Old stories we repeat;
And though the tempest howls without,
Within, joy is complete.

The pictures hanging on the wall

Their old-time beauty show,
And kindle many a memory
Of the far long ago.

We think of loved ones out at sea,

For them we fondly yearn;
We speak their names with pride and hope,
And wish them quick return.

Heaven grant, wherever they may be,

Where'er their ships are found,
His benediction may descend
And shed its light around!

Released from danger and from fear,

May they soon near us be—
Our loved ones who have sailed away
Across the fickle sea.

Oh, well for all whose pleasant homes

With love and hope are bright,
If they forget not those who sail
The stormy sea to-night.

C. D.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—"THE DEAD SECRET."

THE new drama framed upon the thrilling narrative of Mr. Wilkie Collins, and bearing the same title, "The Dead Secret," could hardly fail of attracting a full and critical audience to its first representation. Whether the intense interest of the book is capable of being transferred in its enthralling force to the acted drama will be doubted by many who have read the novel and seen the play, the preliminary part of which is related in a narrative form by the heroine.

The piece opens in the servants' hall of Porthgenna, the abode of a rich Cornish squire named Treverton; time Christmas-eve 1770. Here the butler, Mander (Mr. Odell), Mrs. Penterath the housekeeper (Miss Ewell), James and Robert (Messrs. Branscombe and Collett), are doing tragic-comic business, in the way of telling ghost stories, when enter to them Susan (Miss Eva Morley) in search of Sarah Leeson (Miss Bateman), who is summoned by her mistress, Madame Treverton (Mrs. St. John), that lady being on her death-bed in the Myrtle-room. Exeunt the servants in a fright, leaving Sarah Leeson a clear stage to tell her own history. The secret trouble of Squire Treverton and his wife has been that they have no child to inherit their property and this want has been thus supplied by Madame Treverton. Sarah Leeson, some three years previously, had been betrothed to a Cornish miner, who on the very eve of their wedding-day was killed by the fall of a stone while quarrying. The marriage appears to have been rather late in its fixture, for Sarah proved to be enceinte, and a little girl coming into the world while

Squire Treverton is abroad, this child, by the complicity of its mother, was palmed off on Squire Treverton as his own. This deception has been kept up until the pangs of death have awakened the conscience of Madame Treverton, and she has sent for her accomplice to receive a confession to be communicated to her husband after her death. She swears Sarah to preserve a written and sealed letter which she entrusts to her, and further swears her not to remove it from that room, the Myrtle-chamber. The other part of the oath, that she will deliver it to the hands of her husband at an appointed period, is prevented by supervening death, not, however, before she has threatened Sarah to haunt her if she does not fulfil her behests. Of her ability to do this she furnishes almost instant and impressive proof, for as Sarah Leeson is concealing the letter behind a sliding panel the shadow or ghost of her departed mistress passes across.

Fifteen years elapse, and the letter still lies in its hiding-place. Sarah Leeson has left Porthgenna, and resides with her uncle, Joseph Buschmann, a German (Mr. E. Lyons). Meantime, her child, the heiress of Porthgenna, Rosamond Frankland (Miss Virginia Francis), has, at eighteen years of age, become the wife of a high-spirited Cornish gentleman, Leonard Frankland (Mr. H. Jenner). Squire, or Captain, Treverton, has been drowned at sea, and Sarah is in sad anxiety about the young couple coming to Porthgenna and the Myrtle-room, which appears to be the haunted chamber of the old house, and is the depository of "The Dead Secret." Sarah enlists her uncle, the old German's assistance to recover the paper from the Myrtle-room, of which she obtains the key, and by aid of a candle is about to abstract the awful writing when the ghost appears, and the wretched woman swoons. The rest is soon told. Rosamond gets the paper which proves her illegitimacy, but love triumphs over pride with her fond husband, Rosamond is made happy, and her luckless mother receives a last visit from the ghost and dies.

Of Miss Bateman's power and earnestness in such a part there can be but one opinion. The after characters, too, were excellently played; but we can hardly think the character of Sarah Leeson, the melodramatic rather than tragic ghost scenes, indeed, the play itself, worthy of the genius of the actress who created Leah. The Cornish scenery, by Mr. Hawes Craven, is full of local identity, and that of Buschmann's garden beautiful in its rustic simplicity. A side-splitting farce, by Mr. F. F. Morre, called "A March Hare Hunt," served as a lever de rideau to the serious drama of "The Dead Secret."

OPERA COMIQUE.

A DRAMATIC adaptation of the popular story "That Lass o' Lowrie's" was produced on Saturday at the re-opening of this theatre, under the title of "Liz." We shall not detail the story, which is well known, but may note that the play, in the authorship of which Mr. Arthur Mathison is associated with Mr. Joseph Hutton, closely follows the novel. The principal characters are carefully played by Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Alice Grey, Miss M. Pritchard, Miss Mabel Bedford, and Messrs. Beveridge, F. Gould, J. G. Taylor, Carton, and J. R. Durham. The audience on the first night seemed thoroughly amused and lustily called for the actors and authors to receive their congratulations at the fall of the curtain. "Liz" has made her mark with the public.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.

A "NEW AND ORIGINAL" drama by J. C. Griffiths Esq., was produced here last week. It is entitled "Under the Snow," the sensation-scene of which is the descent of a mountain avalanche. The scene opens at Grenoble, where we have a Duchess De Gonten with her daughter Leonide and her betrothed lover the Count d'Emilly. The count goes travelling in the Alps, and there meets a female guide, named Pauvette. The twain seek shelter in a hut, an avalanche descends, and the twain are buried "under the snow" for a long time. On the count's return to Grenoble, smitten with an overpowering passion for Pauvette, the importunities of the Duchess for his marriage with Leonide become insupportable. But the count at length confesses his love and declares he is bound in honour to marry Pauvette, which, after many painful obstacles, he at last honourably does. The play is well acted, and there are several good situations and some telling dialogue.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE resumed their really instructive and astonishing performances at the Egyptian Hall, after a short recess, on Monday last.



[LORD DAZZLEWRIGHT REDUCED.]

THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"IDIOT that I was, not to have guessed before that the reclusive lady who was Miss Brande's tenant could have been none other than our lost Estelle!" said Lord Montessor to himself.

He took Dazzleright's arm and walked aft.

"There will now be no necessity to urge Miss Brande to a revelation that she might consider a breach of faith, and refuse to make. Providence has put us in possession of the retreat of Estelle. We will therefore make no further inquiries upon that subject; but engage passage to Baltimore, and when we get opposite to the Headland go on shore to seek Estelle in the old house."

"Yes, that is a good plan— Look at that fine creature!" exclaimed Lord Dazzleright, suddenly breaking off and pointing to a young woman in a grey serge dress who was just coming up the star-board gangway.

It was Barbara Brande, who was looking in high health and beauty.

No adventitious arts of the toilet lent their aid to this brave and gentle daughter of the ocean—a gown, a large sash and hood, all of dark grey, comprised her outside garments.

But the hood was rolled back, revealing the handsome, spirited face, with its bands of shining, jet black hair, parted and rippling in waves down each side of her broad forehead and damask cheeks, and the strong, flashing black eyes, that at a glance seemed to take in the deck with every detail thereon.

"Willful, call the hands up to haul in freight," were her first words of command, delivered in her own clear, ringing, resonant voice.

As the boy sprang to obey Barbara walked aft to receive her visitors.

"You perceive that I render myself according to promise, Miss Brande," said Lord Montessor.

"I am happy to see you again, sir."

"This is my friend, Lord Dazzleright," said Lord Montessor, presenting his companion.

"How do you do, sir?" said Barbara, then breaking off suddenly, before Dazzleright could get off

his handsomely-turned reply, she called out—"Boys, look alive there! You will not get the freight in to-day at this rate. Willful, take the little boat and go ashore to hurry those watermen with those other bales. Paul, bear a hand there. Now, gentlemen, I am at your service. What can I do for you?" she inquired, turning to her visitors to give them her full attention.

But Lord Dazzleright felt piqued and turned away. Evidently the handsome creature, the child of the sea, cared no more for this Baron of the Exchequer, this brilliant conversationist, this lion of the London salons—in a word, for this Lord Dazzleright, than she did for any other honest man. Here was an unsophisticated savage. What did the young woman mean? he asked himself. Had she eyes? Had she sense?

While Lord Dazzleright sulked at being unconsciously snubbed by the handsome Amazon, Lord Montessor opened his business. First he told her that the Court of Arches had established the L'Orient marriage.

Barbara bowed—she had expected as much.

"Consequently," he went on to say, "Sir Parke and myself go to America to find Estelle."

"That is right," Barbara answered.

"Can Miss Brande give us a passage to Baltimore?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Will you also give the address of Estelle?"

"No, as that would be a breach of confidence; but I will go to the lady and entreat her permission to inform you."

Lord Montessor smiled, and said that would do.

The arrangements for the passage of Sir Parke Morelle, of himself, and a single servant for each, were forthwith completed.

And then, as the boats with the freight, under charge of Willful, had arrived, and Miss Brande was thronged with business, the two gentlemen took their leave.

"What do you think of that young merchant-captain," inquired Lord Montessor, as they rowed from the side of the vessel.

"Barbara?—well named! A young barbarian she is!" exclaimed Lord Dazzleright, angrily.

Lord Montessor smiled.

The next morning Sir Parke Morelle, with his favourite servant and his baggage, made up for a long sea voyage, arrived from Devonshire.

When informed that passage for the party had been engaged on Miss Brande's vessel, the "Petrel," he at first demurred at the idea of risking their lives in a craft commanded by a woman.

But in the course of half-an-hour's conversation Lord Montessor convinced him that the inevitable dangers of a sea voyage could in no way be enhanced to them through their sailing with Barbara Brande, who was, in all respects, admirably well adapted to her chosen position.

His lordship then imparted to the baronet the fact of their accidental discovery of Estelle's place of abode, and also of their fixed resolution to keep that discovery a secret until they should arrive at the Headland—a plan that the baronet heartily approved.

Lord Dazzleright rendered himself very officious and busy. Never was so zealous and serviceable a friend. He insisted that Sir Parke and Montessor had quite enough business to occupy them on shore, and that he himself should see to the embarkation of their baggage.

But Lord Dazzleright assuredly proved himself incompetent, or else wilfully negligent of his self-assumed duties; for the manner in which he contrived to spread the business of one day over an entire week was highly exasperating to the prompt and energetic Barbara.

For instance, one day he would see a trunk safely on board, and, having done so, would remain on deck by the hour, watching that handsome, falcon-eyed, commanding young Amazon, who had no time to talk to him; who took no notice of him; in short, who cared no more for him—Lord Dazzleright—than she did for the old waterman that had brought him to the vessel, or for any other decent poor man.

This sort of indifference was something new to the lion of the London salons! It was novel, piquant, provoking, incomprehensible.

He mentally termed her a barbarian, without capacity for appreciating a handsome, brilliant Baron of the Exchequer!

Nevertheless, upon the pretext of seeing safely on board the vessel some trunk, box, packet or hamper, he visited the "Petrel" every day.

And he was always treated in something like the following cavalier style. Hat in hand, he would step on deck—where he ever found Barbara busily engaged—and, walking up to her, would say:

"Good-morning, Miss Brande! I have brought some boxes belonging to my friend, Sir Parke."

"Good-morning, sir—Willful! here! see to getting up this gentleman's freight!"

And without another word, away she would go to attend to some other matter in some other part of the vessel, unceremoniously leaving the "observed of all observers" of the fashionable drawing-rooms to bite his nails for vexation on the deck of the vessel.

He called her "A savage! positively a young savage! destitute of the very first principles of civilisation!" notwithstanding, under the pretence of taking excellent care of some precious piece of baggage or other, he continued his daily visits to the "Petrel."

Barbara's patience, that had lasted six days of the week, gave way on the seventh, "which was the Sabbath," when she saw at the usual hour a boat come alongside, containing Lord Dazzleright and a quarter-cask.

"Good-morning, Miss Brande," he said, as he stepped on deck. "This is some pure port wine for Sir Parke's own use—"

"Good-morning, sir!" said Barbara, shortly—"Willful! see that this wine is got up and stowed away."

Then, turning to Lord Dazzleright, she said, with great severity:

"Sir, this is the first time that I have ever received freight on board my vessel on the Sabbath day, and I hope it will be the last; and I only take it in now rather than send you back with it."

"The inconceivable young bearers!" thought Lord Dazzleright, but to her he said: "I am very sorry, Miss Brande, I did not know your rule."

"Sir, the rule was not of my making; it was not I who wrote, 'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.'"

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me," said the baron, very humbly.

"Ask pardon, sir, of Him whose commandment you have set at naught."

"The exasperating young barbarian! I wonder if I should have got a sharper sermon on Sabbath breaking or received a better lesson on humility in any chapel in London?" said the baron to himself.

"Is there anything else to come on board?" asked Barbara.

"To-day?—no, Miss Brande."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, Miss Brande, there are Lord Montessor's trunks."

"Well, suppose that you just permit Lord Montessor's servants to complete this business of transportation. I think they understand the work better, and will get through it sooner," said Barbara, bluntly turning away.

"Miss Brande," exclaimed Dazzleright, going after her, "I was protested to you by our mutual friend, Lord Montessor. My character and position are not unknown to you. I hope, in addition to that, you believe me to be an honest and well-meaning man. I trust that you will not be offended when I confess to you that the great esteem and respect with which you have inspired me brings me daily to the 'Petrel.' If there were any more regular way of approaching you I should gladly avail myself of it; as it is I am forced to this, hoping to cultivate your acquaintance."

"With what view?" inquired Barbara, coolly turning and facing him.

"With the view that we may become better friends, Miss Brande."

"You are mad," said Barbara, walking away and leaving him to digest this "flat."

"I am!" exclaimed Dazzleright, in a rage, as he went to the starboard gangway and beckoned the waterman to bring his boat alongside.

As he descended into that boat he heard her clear, ringing voice, commanding:

Willful! call all hands on deck. I am going to read the Morning Service."

"Umph! Umph! oh-h-h!" muttered Lord Dazzleright, in a succession of inward grunts. "What a young barbarian! Excepting that she seems an orthodox Christian, she is a most unmitigated young savage! She appears to have no more appreciation of social advantages than a swordfish, which in character she resembles! Did the young Vandal know that a possibility—a mere possibility was hinted—that she might become Lady Dazzleright?"

So angry was the baron that on landing he went straight to Lord Montessor and informed him that his lordship's servants would have to see to the embarkation of the remainder of the baggage. And from that day Lord Dazzleright went no more with box or bundle to the "Petrel."

But, nevertheless, upon the day before she was expected to sail, without having informed his friends of his intention, Lord Dazzleright boarded the "Petrel," desired to see the "captain," expressed his wish to take passage to America, and

inquired if he could have a berth on that vessel. Barbara informed him plainly that he could not, that the cabin was already inconveniently crowded.

Whereupon Lord Dazzleright expressed his willingness to put up with a hammock swung anywhere—in the steerage for instance.

Barbara told him there was not a hammock to spare.

Then would Miss Brande take him as freight? he asked, smilingly.

No—the hold was packed from keel to deck, and could not stow another hundredweight.

"Well, Miss Brande would not certainly be so unkind as to refuse him a roost in the rigging; he could sleep on the top," he persevered.

"Lord Dazzleright, since you force me to say it, there is not an inch of space on board the 'Petrel' at your disposal. Furthermore, under any circumstances, I should decline you as a passenger. Nor is it possible that you can ever have a berth in my vessel unless you should chance to be shipwrecked in our sight, in which case we should be obliged to pick you up," said Barbara, with great severity.

"Then I'll go and get myself shipwrecked forthwith!" exclaimed Lord Dazzleright.

"You perceive now, sir, I am busy. Good-morning. Adieu there, Paul! what are you about?"

And suddenly breaking off, Barbara hurried forward to look after her hands.

"A barbarian! a savage! a Goth! a Vandal! a cannibal! a bearers! and the handsomest, most piquant, and provoking young creature I ever met with in my life. Upon my honour, I do not know which is the most inexplicable—that I should become infatuated with this young woman, or that she should repulse me. By my life, I do not understand it, unless she is rabid and has bitten me, and I am in process of becoming mad," said the "glass of fashion," as with a crestfallen air he dropped himself into the boat and was rowed to the shore.

The same evening it happened that Lord Dazzleright attended a public ball, where he was as usual the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," the rich prey for which manoeuvring mammas laid their plans, and mincing maidens laid their nets.

But with the usual perversity of human nature Baron Dazzleright obstinately refused to become enamoured of any willing Lady Clara or Geraldine among them, and perseveringly sighed after the dark-browed, eagle-eyed, lion-hearted girl of the sea, who cared less for his baronial coronet than for her little brother's tarpaulin hat; less for the title of baroness than for that of sister Barbara; and still less to follow the phantom of pleasure through the mazes of fashion than to guide her "Stormy Petrel" through the wild waves of the pathless ocean!

But if this Vesta of the sea was all sufficient unto herself, her admirer was no longer independent of her.

She had revealed to him a phase of character as attractive, as fascinating, as it was novel and unparalleled!

Compared with the rapid, insipid, insincere butterflies of fashion, this Barbara Brande was so full of vital force, of truth, courage, independence, and self-reliance!

To crown all, she was a real and thoroughly conscientious Christian.

He could not choose but think of her, and the longer he reflected the more he appraised and admired her.

Leaving the ballroom at an early hour he went to Gerard's to seek Lord Montessor, whom he found busily engaged in writing.

"Ah, you are occupied. I will not disturb you."

"No—only writing to Slater, my bailiff, at Montessor; I have done now," said his lordship, rapidly folding, directing, and sealing the letter. "Now I am at your service."

Lord Dazzleright threw himself into a chair and cast his hat into a corner.

"What is it? What can I do for you, Dazzleright?"

"You are going on board to-morrow. You are in the confidence of Miss Brande. You will be in her company for some two or three months. Just use that opportunity to impress upon her rather hard head that your friend Dazzleright is a well-meaning man, not utterly unworthy of her consideration, even if he has had the misfortune to be successful in life?"

"Why?"

"Because if ever I marry a woman—her name will be Barbara Brande!"

"Eh!"

"If ever I marry a woman her name will be Barbara Brande!"

"You are mad!"

"Just what she said. But if ever I marry a woman her name will be Barbara Brande. Now I tell you what I want you to do: just let her know

in a delicate manner that I am an honest man, who, in spite of his coronet, is not totally beneath her notice."

"Prove that to her yourself in person."

"Ahem! I think I see her giving me the opportunity. My friend, as long as I keep a very respectful distance, and merely touch my hat on meeting her, Miss Brande treats me with the same decent civility that she accords to the boatmen, hucksters, and porters of the Docks. But just as soon as I presume to advance and aspire to a higher degree of consideration she puts me down as quietly as though I were the Tom, Dick or Harry aforesaid. And when I gave her to understand the honesty of my intentions, as the dowagers would say—she told me I was mad."

"Miss Brande was right in repulsing you. What has the all-accomplished, all-praised Baron Dazzleright in common with that free, wild, irresponsible maiden of the ocean?"

"What?—nothing at all, of course. And that is the very reason why he wants her, and why he must have her as the complement of himself. Every quality of Barbara's nature will become a new possession to me."

"But the difference of rank—"

"Peste! am I not 'a son of the people,' as the French would say? Should I not take to wife a daughter of the people? And, in one word, if I cannot get Barbara Brande to help me found a noble dynasty—why, then, the first Lord Dazzleright will also be the last of his illustrious line!"

Lord Montessor arose and clasped his hand into the palm of his friend's, saying cordially:

"You are right! I did but try you! You are altogether right! And she was also right in repelling your advances—for great reserve and firm repulsion are ever necessary as shield and lance for a woman in her strange position. But—barring your professional quibbling—you are worthy of her, and if I do not find a way of convincing her of that fact, and smoothing the path for your next overtures, why you may then set me down as an incompetent diplomatist, that is all."

"I thank you, Montessor. Well, that is just all I had to say to you for this evening. I will not keep you out of bed any longer, for you will have to rise early to be on board in time, as the vessel sails with the early tide. The sky promises fine weather for to-morrow," said Dazzleright, going to the window and looking out. "Well, Heaven grant it! Good-night, my friend!" he exclaimed, returning and offering his hand.

Good-night, Dazzleright—but not good-bye," answered Montessor, cordially pressing his offered hand.

"Oh, no, no! certainly not! I shall meet you at St. Katharine's Docks to-morrow morning, and say good-bye only on the deck of the 'Petrel.' 'Au revoir!'"

"To our meeting!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next day was the fourteenth of February, and St. Valentine's Day, and of all the three hundred and sixty-five the luckiest for lovers' enterprise. The weather was as fine as it had promised to be, with a clear sky, a soft air, and light breeze from the south, heralding an early spring.

Soon after sunrise Sir Parke Morelle and Lord Montessor drove down to the docks, where they found Lord Dazzleright already awaiting them. Willful Brande was also in attendance, with the long boat from the "Petrel," to take the party to the vessel.

After a general greeting and shaking of hands they entered the long boat and were rowed to the barque.

The "Petrel" was, as always, neat and clean as a maiden in her May Day dress.

The few hands were all at their posts.

Barbara walked the deck, overseeing the final arrangements, and issuing her orders. She paused at the starboard gangway to receive her passengers; but frowned slightly when she recognised Lord Dazzleright among them. But since the baron understood her reserve he was not discomposed.

"We are ready, and the tide is on the ebb; we only waited to ship you before weighing anchor," she said, cordially offering her hand to Lord Montessor and bowing to the two other gentlemen.

"So that I shall be obliged to take immediate leave of my friends and hurry back," said Lord Dazzleright, who had not been addressed.

"Yes, sir," said Barbara, curtly turning away. "Willful, have the long boat hauled up and made fast," she commanded. "Then to Lord Montessor and Sir Parke she said:

"Gentlemen, accommodate yourselves, if you please. You know your quarters in my cabin, or if you prefer the deck there are pleasant seats in the stern."

They bowed and begged her not to incommode herself, as they would take care of themselves. As the men had now hauled up the long boat and secured it to the davits, Lord Dazzleright began to blame his rashness, and wonder how he should get back to the shore.

Barbara immediately relieved him of his dilemma by taking her speaking trumpet, going to the side of the vessel and hailing an idle wherry from the shore.

"Boat ahoy!—come alongside to take a passenger off!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" sung out the waterman who began to ply his oars, swiftly propelling the boat in the direction of the vessel.

While it was coming poor Dazzleright shook hands with his friends, wishing them a good voyage, and turned to look for Barbara. She had gone forward and was standing there to give orders.

"All hands to the windlass! And you, Willful, to the wheel!"

She was obeyed on the instant, and the men and boys stood waiting further commands.

She paused, for Lord Dazzleright approached her, took her hand and said respectfully:

"Good-bye, and a good voyage to you, Miss Brande. You are severe and even unjust to me; but you will know me better; I can wait for that; Heaven bless you and yours!"

"Heaven save you, sir! Good-bye!" said Barbara, in a somewhat softer voice, thinking that in this parting hour she could safely relax her rigour. He understood and refrained from pressing on this new kindness; but immediately went to the starboard gangway and descended into the boat waiting there to receive him.

"Up anchor!" shouted Barbara, as she saw the wherry push off.

And while the men laid themselves to the windlass, and heaved with all their strength, Lord Dazzleright stood waving his hat from the receding boat. On reaching the shore, with a last wave of adieu, responded to from the deck of the vessel, Lord Dazzleright's boat disappeared in the crowd at the docks.

The anchor was soon up, the sails all set, and the "Petrel" stood gallantly out for the mouth of the river.

When the vessel was thus fairly under weigh Barbara walked aft to speak to her passengers.

Sir Parke Morelle met her half way. Sir Parke looked pale and unnerved. He had never made a sea voyage further than from Dover to Calais, or from Liverpool to Cork, in all his life, and to begin at his age to cross the Atlantic Ocean, in such an egg-shell as the "Petrel," with such an extraordinary captain as this young girl was, notwithstanding, the opinion of Montessoro—"indiscreet, to say the least—indiscreet."

He had stepped upon the planks of the deck with feelings fearfully akin to those of a condemned criminal stepping upon the flooring of a scaffold. He had watched Barbara walking fore and aft giving her orders as though she had been the sheriff giving directions for his execution.

Every order that she gave, and that the men obeyed, seemed to precipitate his fate!

He had serious thoughts of forfeiting his passage money, and offering Barbara a handsome remuneration for putting him back on shore.

But a latent confidence in Lord Montessoro's judgment and a sense of shame for his own nervousness, restrained him from proceeding to that length.

But now meeting Miss Brande, he stooped her with:

"Young woman, I would like to have a few moments conversation with you."

"I am at your service, sir."

"Turn about then, if you please!"

Barbara complied.

Now, Sir Parke Morelle was as considerable a "land-lubber" as could be found in all England or America.

He was profoundly ignorant of nautical affairs. As they walked forward he said:

"Ahem—aha. Young woman—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am called Barbara Brande."

"Ahem—Miss Brande, can you rely upon your own competency for a—taking care of the vessel?"

Barbara Brande's great, strong, black eyes flashed down upon him with an expression that made the ancestor of Hyde Hall quail.

"I could rely upon myself to take care of a fleet," was upon her tongue's end.

But Barbara possessed the rare virtue of self-control, and pitying the poor old man who had neither the physical courage to go fearlessly to sea with her, nor the moral courage to confess his weakness and stay home—she answered:

"Sir Parke, I have two little brothers on board whom I love better than my own life. They are hostages for your safety."

"I do not understand you, Miss Brande."

"Nor did I engage to furnish you with an understanding," thought Barbara, but repressing herself, she replied: "Loving Willful and Edwy as I love my own soul, I never would have taken them on this voyage had I not known myself in every respect fully competent to take care of the vessel and of them, as well as any captain in the merchant's service could do."

"But you are a woman," said Sir Parke, still hesitating.

Another flash of the great black eyes, and Barbara warming up, replied:

"Well, sir, am I on trial for being a woman, or for being a sea captain, which?"

"For being both in one, rather," answered the baronet.

"Indeed! And why for being both in one? Has not a woman a brain as well as a heart? Has she not courage as well as gentleness? Fortitude as well as patience? Has it not been proved over and over again, a thousand and a thousand times, that in moments of danger women have exhibited as much presence of mind, courage, promptitude, and skill as the best men among you?"

But we have elsewhere given Barbara Brande's defence of herself in her chosen vocation, and will not repeat it here.

The baronet was silenced, if not convinced by her argument, and presently turned the attack from the captain to the craft.

"Lord Montessoro," said Barbara, "your friend asks me if I have ever worked this vessel through a storm. Tell him how we weathered the gales in the Gulf Stream—for I am immensely tired of him," she added, as she dropped the arm of Sir Parke and left him on the hands of her other passenger.

For the first two weeks the voyagers were blessed with the finest weather.

But in the midst of the third week the sky changed, the wind arose in the north-west, and blowed almost incessantly for four weeks, that is, it would blow continuously for three days, then lull for a day, or only "pause to gather its fearful breath," and rise with recovered strength, and blow harder than ever.

As the vessel entered the Gulf Stream the weather grew worse—the gale became a hurricane—the rough sea ran mountains high.

The brave little "Petrel" behaved beautifully, as Barbara had said; she looked like a skilful politician, rode the high waves like a jockey boy, or lay-to like a duck, as occasion required.

Lord Montessoro and his man worked as hard as the seamen, whenever their aid was needed. Sir Parke Morelle was too miserably sea-sick to care about the fate of the vessel, unless it was to wish his own sufferings and the "Petrel" engulfed in the same sea. His valet spent day and night in attendance upon him.

But Barbara Brande was a sight to behold. Her perfect appreciation of the danger, combined with her perfect fearlessness, was a subject of wonder to all. Her unwavering courage, her undisturbed cheerfulness, her unruffled temper, the constant firmness and serenity of her countenance, the prompt, clear and ringing tone of her voice—heard through the howling of the wind and the thundering of the waves, inspired faith, and hope, and courage in every bosom.

At length the weary and wearied wind lulled. At last fine weather, with a fair southerly breeze, succeeded, and on the fifth of April the "Petrel" entered the Bay; and the next day at sunset she dropped anchor off Brande's Headland.

It was with the deepest emotion that Lord Montessoro gazed upon the spot that had become the chosen retreat of Estelle.

Where was she now? In or near that old gray house, undoubtedly. But what was she about?—at her lonely tea-table?—in her parlour, reading or meditating?—in the woods, rambling alone?—in the graveyard, ruminating? Where? How would she receive him? Was she, perhaps, that moment thinking of him, if not expecting him?

She would be greatly surprised to see him and her father. But would her surprise be altogether one of joy? That she loved him was undoubtedly true. That she loved him more than her own dearest earthly interests, and only less than her Creator, had been proved. But would she now consent to forget her own horrible calamity, and permit him to make her and himself, in his own rational manner, happy?

That she had a theory of his future brilliant destiny, which she had resolved not to dim by sharing, he had heard. That she could be as firm as she was disinterested he had ascertained. Could be,

then, be able to convince her, that, to him, her "love was the greatest good in the world?"

But patience—patience. Very soon these questions must be answered—these doubts set at rest. In an hour he should stand face to face with his beautiful, his beloved, his long lost, but now recovered Estelle.

Till then, oh, throbbing pulse, be still!—oh, faithful, long-suffering heart, be hopeful. No one was on deck but Barbara and the crew, whom she was ordering to take in sail and let go the anchor. When she perceived her favourite passenger she came forward smilingly to greet him.

"Good-evening, sir. I shall remain at anchor through the night, and set sail again in the morning. And I will go on shore this evening, for I could almost imagine the poor old place feeling hurt if I passed it," said Barbara, with one of her earnest smiles.

"Will you permit me to remind you of a promise you gave when you were here last, to show me over your old house—one of the oldest houses in Maryland, as you said?"

"Lord Montessoro, that promise did not project itself down all time. It was only for the day upon which it was given. And now I hope you will excuse me."

Lord Montessoro bowed.

"If you wish to go on shore, sir, the long boat is, of course, at your service; but I cannot invite you to the house."

"Then I should feel obliged to you, my dear Miss Brande, to give me a seat when you yourself go on shore."

"I will do that with pleasure, sir."

Sir Parke Morelle woke up from his after-dinner nap, came on deck, and joined Montessoro. Barbara bowed and left them alone together while the west forward to give orders for the long boat to be prepared.

"That is your daughter's home, Sir Parke," said Lord Montessoro, pointing to the dreary Headland, now growing darker under the thick, falling shadows of evening.

"Good Heaven! what a desolate place!" exclaimed the baronet, in consternation.

"I am going on shore—will you accompany me now?"

"Of course! of course! I will accompany you now," replied the baronet.

Barbara came up dressed in the grey serge gown, sash, and hood that was her usual outdoor costume.

"Sir Parke has also decided to go on shore, Miss Brande," said Lord Montessoro.

"Very good, sir," said Barbara, betraying some little distrust and anxiety. "The boat awaits your convenience, gentlemen."

"We are ready to attend you, Miss Brande."

They went straight to the starboard gangway, where Lord Montessoro led the way down the ladder, and having reached the boat he put up his hand to assist Barbara in the descent, a courtesy which the girl accepted solely on the principle of politeness, for in truth, so far from requiring such assistance, she was rather embarrassed by its offer, as well as impeded by its forced acceptance.

By the same ready hand Sir Parke was next helped down the ladder. And when they were all seated the oarsmen plied their oars, and the long boat glided swiftly over the still waters towards the Headland that loomed darkly above them. In a few moments the boat touched the sand, and was pushed up under the heavy shadows of the overhanging, wooded bank.

(To be Continued.)

OUR OLD HOME.

OUR old home! What a world of tender memories are called to life by those words! In mind I still seem to see the low-roofed cottage, surrounded by trees, over-run with flowers; the long rows of apple-trees in the orchard with their branches hanging heavily laden with rosy-cheeked apples, and golden russets gleaming in the autumn sun. On the other side a green lawn, sloping down to where a brook wound its way.

Oh, how often have I gone down to its waters and sat in the shade of the beech trees, soothed by the sweet murmur of its sparkling waters! How often have I wondered from whence it came, and where it ended. In fancy I have seen it flowing through green meadows and shadowy woods, until it joined the river, leaping and dancing along to its grave in the ocean. But enough of the brook and my wild fancy.

Dear as are the memories of these scenes, dearer still is the memory of these inside the house; there,

gathered around the fireside, were father, mother, brothers and sisters; while upon the mat the cat slumbered peacefully, and Nero, the old watch-dog, lay by father's side looking up in his face, and wagging his tail slowly.

This was in the evening, after all the work was done, and all had assembled for the pleasant evening chat which we so much loved, and the time when each would relate all of interest that had occurred during the day. Some time was spent in pleasant conversation of this kind; then papers were produced, and one and another would read aloud an article. After this, father would take the Bible and read a portion of its contents aloud, and then we knelt, and he prayed, after which, with kind good-nights, we separated.

How often have I looked back upon those happy evenings, and longed to be once more at the old homestead, with all the dear ones that used to be gathered there! But that can never be, for mother, father and a brother have said good-night for ever and "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

R. R.

MARRIED LIFE.

"I TRY to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue?"

"The tear of a loving girl, said an old book, is like a dew-drop on a rose, but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word."

"Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings."—J. M.

This is most excellent advice, and worthy of being treasured.

SAND-SHOWERS IN CHINA.

EVERY year witnesses curious sand-showers in China when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. The dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrates houses, reaching even apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great Desert of Gobi, as the sand of Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away.

The Chinese, while sensitive to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand-showers is always a year of large fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is possible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects, like similar showers which they have noticed in the Atlantic Ocean.

LACK OF THOUGHT.

I BELIEVE that most selfish husbands do not intend to be selfish, but are thoughtless only. A man's is not a home life,—his house is merely a place of retirement after the cares of the day are over. I have heard a husband autocratically declare, "I will never live in a hotel or in any place inside of city limits," when I have known that this very man was only home three nights out of the seven, and never in the day except on Sunday. The wife was there

all the time. And I know her life was lonely past all description.

She could not make company of her servant; she had few friends outside of town, and she was really unhappy, although she tried to do what she considered her duty, make the best of affairs because her husband liked them, and never let him see how dissatisfied she was. She longed for town; she wanted to shake off the responsibility of a large house and lessen the burden of her cares by living in apartments. She bore it as long as she could; finally she mustered courage to tell her wishes to her husband, and received the reply which I have quoted above.

Now if any one had accused that man of being thoroughly selfish, or of performing a cruel action, he would have been shocked at the accusation. He considered himself a model husband; he furnished for his wife amply; he kept her wardrobe and jewel boxes well filled; he was proud of her beauty and attainments; he was anxious that all her material wants should be supplied, but he failed to consult her tastes and wishes on points upon which her happiness really depended. Because he has a prejudice against some mode of living, he cannot, or will not, understand why she does not share the prejudice, and he decides the matter autocratically in accordance with these prejudices of his own, utterly ignoring her wishes.

Now, my dears, don't think I assume that all husbands are so thoughtlessly selfish as this one; I don't; what I do think is, that too little consideration is given to the fact that as it is the wife who is the home stay, it should be she who should be the home chooser, if that comes to be a difference of opinion, and a choice is found necessary. Neither party should arrogate to himself or herself the power of saying "I won't" or "I will;" but each should defer to the opinion of the other.—B. C.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER XIV.

As Bettina rode swiftly onward, the feeling of oppression gradually left her, and when she finally drew up at the cottage her spirits had reacted, and colour and animation again shone in her face.

The home of Mrs. Withers was a complete nest of verdure, even at this late season of the year. It was covered with wild vines transplanted from the forest, mingled with ivy brought from England, and a group of magnificent trees shaded the large green yard which spread away in front of it.

Behind the house fruit trees were planted, and late peaches and apples were ripening upon them in the glowing sunshine.

Charley and Tom were playing in the yard, and under one of the trees was a basket-cradle with a muslin cover drawn over it, beneath which lay little Bella in a profound slumber.

With a few words to the children, and a tender glance toward the infant, Bettina passed on into the house in search of its mistress.

She found her with her work-table and basket near her, sewing with neatness and despatch upon a suit of clothing for her boy. She looked up with some surprise, and exclaimed:

"You, Betty! What have you done with your guest, and, if I may ask so unceremonious a question, what has brought you after me so soon to the cottage?"

"I come to ask you a question, Kitty, and to tell you that I overheard what you said to Colonel Clayton this morning. You little guess what resulted from it."

Mrs. Withers flushed slightly, but she steadily said:

"I spoke for the best, my dear. You know I meant to serve you, and your affairs are in a bad way."

"Yes, bad enough, Heaven knows; but how you could have expected to mend them by asking Colonel Clayton to keep me true to my duty, I cannot see. You and auntie seem determined to drive me into confessing to papa my unfortunate marriage—a thing I will never do, as you will understand when I tell you that I have made a friend of Randolph Clayton myself. I saw what was passing in his mind—that he was condemning me unheard,—and when you asked him to keep me true to my duty, as you put it, I took a desperate resolve and told him all."

Mrs. Withers dropped her work and slowly asked:

"What was the result? How can he help you, except by telling the whole to your father?"

"I would not permit that. I told him that nothing on earth should make me consent to avow my marriage—that my one wish was to escape from my husband, and I claimed a brother's service at his hands—that he should seek Captain Denham, and compel him to resign all claims on me and on my child."

"How did you know that you did not send him to his death? Or that he will not kill your husband? It seems to me that you did a very reckless thing, Betty."

"I was reckless. I have suffered so much that, for a time, I did not care much what might happen. But I felt certain that there would be no bloodshed. Gerald is a poltroon, and Colonel Clayton will do nothing to compromise me in any way. I came here to tell you this, and furthermore to tell you that I came out mainly to intercept my cavalier before he gets back to Carmora, and hear from him the result of his mission. Don't blame me for anything I have done, Kitty, for you must remember that you and Nanty have goaded me on to do it."

"We could neither of us have dreamed of such confidence being placed in Colonel Clayton. What reward will he ultimately ask for his services, Betty, for it is plain that he came hither expecting to find you fancy free; hoping to be able to win you for himself."

Bettina coldly replied:

"I have told him that I shall never marry again, and explained to him the plan I shall adopt to gain possession of my child, and do such justice to her as is possible under the circumstances. He is the soul of honour, and I am not afraid to trust him, Kitty."

"Yes—but can you not see that your father will not allow things to rest in that way? His heart has long been set on a union between you and Colonel Clayton, and unless he is aware of the obstacle that really stands between you, Mr. Carr is not likely to be satisfied with such a state of things. You heard what he said at breakfast this morning?"

"Papa is not unreasonable when he is not in a passion, and I shall be able to manage him. At any rate, the future must take care of itself. Fate will deal with us, let us try as we may to escape the eddy that draws us in its vortex, and renders all efforts at escape useless. I have fought against my evil destiny until I begin to feel that I may as well drift with the tide as exhaust myself in fruitless struggles."

She sat down, and leaned her face on her hand, feeling at the moment utterly discouraged, and Kitty watched her with that puzzled expression which comes to the face of quiet, commonplace people when they get a glimpse into a nature deeper and more complicated than her own.

She shook her head, and with a sigh, said:

"I have expressed by opinion often enough, Betty, and it's no use to repeat what has been said. You will take your own way, and that is the end of it. We may talk about fate as much as we please, but, after all, the most of us make or mar our own destiny."

"And I have married mine; be it so, Kitty, in your opinion; but there are two sides to every story, and I thought you knew enough of mine to enable you to judge me more leniently. Good-bye; I must go now; I cannot breathe in four walls with such a burden as I have upon me to-day."

She arose impulsively, and Mrs. Withers, stung by her words, started up also and threw her arms around her.

"Oh, Betty, you know that I love you as my sister, and I only speak according to the light that is within me. I have helped you all I could, though I have believed that an open course would have been better for you."

"It is too late now to speak or think of that. I choose to shield papa at any cost to myself. If I had the choice to make again I could pursue no other course. You have been a tender mother to my poor unfortunate baby, Kitty, and for that I shall always love you, let you be as hard on me as you may."

In another moment she was gone, and when Mrs. Withers reached the door Betty was dashing through the grove which lay beyond the yard, in the direction of the ferry.

"What an imprudent, fiery creature she is when she is fairly roused," muttered the woman of convention, who religiously believed that her sex should not dare to venture beyond the narrow limits assigned them in the code in which she had been educated.

Her sympathies were with Bettina, but at the same time she believed that it would have been better for her to "dwell in decency for ever" than to take in her own hands the settlement of her own fate and that of her child.

Bettina made a wide circuit and came out on the bank of the river several miles above the ferry.

The whole country was familiar to her, though she rarely ventured to ride alone through the forest as she had on that day.

In such times stragglers were too often met upon the road to render it quite safe, but of that she scarcely thought now, her mind was bent solely on one object, and she dashed onward with such reckless speed as betrayed the intense emotion seething within her.

Suddenly a rough-looking man sprang from a clump of undergrowth on the road-side, and clutched at her bridle-rein, crying out:

"Halt there! no one passes me without paying tribute."

Bettina was startled, but she did not lose her presence of mind. She struck at his hands and face with her riding-whip, and stung her assailant so sharply with her lash that he dropped the rein and sprang back, leaving the road free for her to pass.

She had been taught to use a pistol in case she should need it in self-defence, and always carried one in her pocket when she went out alone.

On this day she had not forgotten it, and dashing forward a few yards she wheeled her horse, covered the man with the little, inlaid toy, which, however, carried a ball true to its aim, and asked:

"How long is it, Stetson, since you turned a highway robber? What did you mean by daring to stop me in passing over my own father's land?"

Oh, Lord, Miss Carr, it is one of my unlucky mistakes. I didn't see you plain till after I rushed out on you. I came back here to look you up, but I didn't mean to do it in this 'ere rough way."

The bright colour of the air had called into Bettina's cheeks suddenly faded, and she haughtily asked:

"Why should you come in pursuit of me? What business can you possibly have with me?"

"Put down that little popgun there, miss, and I'll venture to tell you. With that staring me in the face I wouldn't care to speak."

Bettina lowered the weapon, disdainfully saying: "I am not afraid of you, if you have turned freebooter. You will not dare to lay your hand on me. Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Only this, ma'am, that I've been drove to evil courses by bad treatment from my master. He used me and then abused me, and, at last, sent me adrift. He's at Alexandria now, and I came down here to warn you that he means to come down on your father this very day, and tell—well, you know what he's got to tell. He's boasted openly that he'll take back the heiress of Carmora to England with him as his wedded wife."

"Has he told all?" she asked, with white, set lips.

"No, ma'am—he talked in his cups, and he's been a-going of it in the spreeing line, but he's only told that he can get you if he wants you. So I thought you'd better be told about it, and as I'm out at elbows myself I thought maybe you'd help me to do something for myself."

"Yes, I daresay—like master, like man. I have paid you once to be discreet, and now you have come on me again. How much do you want to keep you from going on the road to make your living?"

"Oh, a matter of twenty-five pounds will set me up quite in a good paying business. I don't want to take to the road, Miss Betty, if I can help myself."

"I daresay not—now go back to your master and tell him that I have no more money to waste in bribes on either him or you. He sent you down here on some expedition of his own, and you thought you would turn this unexpected meeting to some account for yourself. I have sent a friend to him to arrange matters between us, and if I breathe your name to Colonel Clayton as a possible traitor to me he will find means to settle with you, be sure of that."

She turned her horse's head with a swift motion of the bridle rein, and sped away with such rapid motion that the man stood staring after her in open-mouthed surprise.

"Well! if that ain't taking a sudden turn on a fellow I don't know what is. I thought I'd got into a nice little speculation, sure, and there, she's off like a shot! Too smart for me, by jingo."

"But you'd better have stopped a bit, Miss Carr, or rather Mrs. Gerald Denham. If you had opened your hand as freely as you used to, when you was idiot enough to think the master was demented about you, I'd have given you a hint of what really brought me down here to-day. I'm to look up that baby—find out how she's guarded from outsiders, and fix

things for a regular stampede when the right time comes."

"What's the use of sending the cunel after so old a hand as my master? He'll stand on honour, and the other—well—the other won't, and in course the longest head will win in the end. I'm half sorry for her, but what's the use? When women play the idiot they always have to pay the piper."

Muttering thus to himself, Stetson turned his steps in the direction of the cottage, the location being well-known to him, as he had once spent several months at Carmora in the days of favour enjoyed by Denham, when he came to his kinsmen's house as a young Englishman of great expectations, attended by his valet. Bettina, much excited by what she had heard, went on a rapid way, hoping, yet dreading, that a meeting had taken place between the two men who held her fate in their hands.

She came out on the river bank at a point which commanded a view of the ferry; all was still on the river.

The scow was on the opposite shore, and she could see no one moving about it. Her horse began to show signs of fatigue, and with sudden discouragement she mounted slowly to the road above, and sat listlessly watching the landing on the other side, while she allowed Selim to rest.

"I may as well give up the struggle and let things take their course, as I said to Kitty this morning, though I hardly meant it then. Everything seems to drive me to exile and misery. Papa will hear of these drunken boasts; he will find out all that it has cost me so much to keep from him; I shall be set adrift, and nothing left me but to accept the position of Gerald Denham's wife. No—no! not that as long as the river flows within sight of the home I shall be driven from. Better find peace in its bosom than lead a debased and wretched life with him."

Bettina watched till her eyes were dazzled and her heart weary and sick with delay; but finally there was some movement on the other side; a horseman came down the winding pathway, and sat like a statue of bronze upon the back of his steed, while Sambo rowed the boat across the stream.

She knew Clayton at once, and a brighter expression came into her face as she watched the slow method by which he approached her.

The boat had no sooner touched the shore than Lucifer bounded to the land, and commenced the ascent toward the upper road.

Bettina roused up her drooping steed, and rode slowly forward, unwilling to be found watching for Clayton's arrival.

He soon overtook her, and with her heart on her lips she turned to him and said:

"You met him on his way to Carmora, and your face tells me that you came off conqueror; and also that nothing very dreadful has happened. Is it not so?"

"You see that I am scatheless," he replied, with a smile, "and you may safely infer that nothing serious has happened to Captain Denham, though we have had a stormy meeting. As you surmise, I found him on the road, though I cannot imagine how you divined it."

"I met his servant a few miles back and exchanged some words with him. He told me that Captain Denham was on his way to Carmora to have a scene with papa, hoping, I suppose, to establish his claim to remain there as the son of the house."

There was intense bitterness in her tone, which changed to hopelessness as she went on:

"He is drinking deeply—he cannot be trusted to keep any pledge he may have given you, and after all I have gone through, he will expose this fatal secret, and the shock may kill my father."

"I think you may set your fears at rest on that score," said Clayton, regarding her compassionately.

"If there is a spark of honour left in the soul of Denham he will not violate his promise to me. We had a rough encounter, and he would have used violence, but I managed to evade that. It is enough that I brought him to terms, and forced him to give up to me the certificate of marriage, which he was on his way to Carmora to display to your father. He seems to be in a desperate state, and it is my fixed belief that the stories he tells about the English fortune coming to him are false, or greatly exaggerated. His only chance to attain wealth, is, in my opinion, to force himself upon your father, and compel him to condone the past, and accept him as his son-in-law."

Bettina listened with fixed attention. She held out her hand when he ceased speaking, and quietly said:

"You have accomplished more than I dared to hope. Give me that paper, please. When Gerald and

I parted but one little month after our union I entreated him to let me have it, but he would not. He has held it over me as a threat ever since, and he has extorted from me all the money I could raise without papa's knowledge, to prevent him from betraying my wretched position."

Clayton hesitated a moment before complying with her request, and gravely said:

"What is your purpose with regard to it yourself, Betty?"

"I intend to destroy it, that Gerald Denham may be deprived of every chance to establish a legal claim on me, or on my child," she replied, with excitement. "Better even than that to dread for ever the evil power he may establish over us."

"Then pardon me if I decline to give it up to you."

This little strip of paper may be of great importance to your daughter in the future, and therefore it should be carefully guarded. If you will allow me I will be responsible for its safety, and also for that of yourself from any claim Denham may make on you. I have his pledged word, and I think he will be afraid to break it."

"It is only the fear of the dastard, then, that will keep him in bounds. There is no faith in him—nothing to trust to, as I have learned to my cost. Keep the bond that made me his slave, if you think it is best to do so; but, in return, you must guard me from him, save me from him, as if you were indeed my brother."

"I will devote my life to you, if you will allow me to do it, Betty. Denham has pledged himself to leave the country without molesting you further. He knows that nothing is to be gained by it, and will therefore keep his word. If you will only allow your marriage to be known, your father could easily obtain a decree setting it aside; but in the present state of affairs that would be impossible."

"And so would be the union you would hope for after such divorce was obtained. While Gerald Denham lives I will never bestow my hand on another. Be my brother, indeed Randolph, and do not speak again of what I feel would be a shame to me, if I could be wrought on to accept you."

Deeply touched by what he read in her face Clayton held up his hand as if in adjuration, and solemnly said:

"It is the last time I will wound your delicacy by referring to my own hopes till the barrier is removed which is now between us. My day will come; I feel sure of it, and I can wait and watch over you in the meantime."

Bettina, much moved, gave him her hand for a moment as a seal to the compact, and then they went on almost in silence toward Carmora.

The sight of Bettina returning in company with Colonel Clayton, and the two apparently on excellent terms with each other, put to flight Mr. Carr's irritability as if by magic.

He was sitting in the lazy hall as they came up the road from the river, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," till his daughter came to have its full volume poured out on her; but when he saw who was her companion his face cleared, his heart grew light, and he mentally abused himself as the most unreasonable old fellow that ever breathed.

In a cheery voice he called out:

"How on earth did you two come together, when you started out in such different directions? I have been worrying about you, Betty, for in such times as these I do not think it very safe for a lady to ride out by herself."

"Oh! I was well protected, papa. I took my pistol in my pocket as you always tell me to do when I go alone. I made a circuit which brought me on Colonel Clayton's path, and of course I was safe then. I feel so much better for my ride."

The two swept onward, and Mr. Carr walked slowly towards the house, but before he had gone many yards Clayton came back to him, and they returned to the sunny nook which was so delightful a lounging-place on that bright day.

The old gentleman looked earnestly at Clayton, and said:

"I hardly expected you back so early, Randolph. Did you accomplish anything by going in pursuit of that impertinent puppy?"

"I am happy to say that I did. I encountered Denham on the road, by a great piece of good luck. I believe I am entitled to put the Roman hero's motto on my shield, if I claim such a thing: I came, I saw, I conquered." Will you be satisfied if I tell you that your daughter will not be annoyed by him, or his pretensions in future?"

"I suppose I must make the effort, provided you gave the villain a sound trouncing. He should not be let off without that, Clayton; but of course you dealt with him as he deserved."

Clayton nodded, evading a direct reply, and Mr. Carr gleefully rubbed his hands.

"That is good—good; and he gave up whatever it was Bettina thought fit to demand from him, though I think his impudence never was equalled if he has tried to keep any hold over her after what I have said to him myself."

"I think I have settled with him definitely, and he will leave this country immediately—that is, as soon as he can make his arrangements to do so. Bettina is satisfied with what I have accomplished, and I think we may consider Gerald Denham's claims as pretty well settled."

"He had no claims, sir, except in Betty's imagination. What power should such a man have over my daughter?" said Mr. Carr, with sudden heat.

With some difficulty Clayton soothed him into quietness again without betraying the nature of the errand entrusted to him, but he was glad when the dinner-bell sounded and put an end to the conversation.

Bettina, though much fatigued, and in a state of extreme nervous excitement, made her appearance at table, and was gay and more talkative than her father had known her to be for months past.

Clayton had entreated him to say nothing to her on the subject of his mission that morning, and Mr. Carr, satisfied with the result so far, thought it best himself to avoid the mention of Denham's name in their future intercourse with each other.

After that day of excitement there was a blessed calm which lasted till Bettina began to hope that things would go well for her at last, and the promise of her unprincipled husband kept.

Sunday came, and all the family prepared to attend service in Pohick Church, for General Washington had arrived at Mount Vernon, and all the neighbourhood would be there.

The carriage with four horses attached to it was brought out, and it taxed the strength even of those thoroughbreds to drag the ponderous vehicle over the few miles of road which lay between Carmora and the church.

It was built on the model of one brought from England for the chief of the nation, and resembled a small house mounted on wheels more than anything else.

The lower portion was pale straw-colour, ornamented with gilt moulding, the upper of mahogany, with green venetian blinds, and the interior was finished with cushions covered with dark morocco. On the panels was painted a simple monogram surrounded by a wreath of flowers, for with all Mr. Carr's pride he did not care to assume the arms of the noble English family from which he traced his descent.

In this ponderous conveyance sat Mrs. Ronald and the daughter of the house in full dress, but the gentlemen wisely preferred riding on horseback to jolting six miles over the rough road which lay between Carmora and Pohick Church.

(To be Continued.)

ONE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

The identity of interest between employer and employed is no longer felt, as it used to be, by the employed. Formerly a hired man seemed to care just about as much for everything that belonged to the person he worked for as if it belonged to himself. Nothing of the kind exists at the present time. Consequently labour is not nearly as productive as it would otherwise be.

Unwilling hands accomplish but little. Unless a man's heart is in his work he is not worth much. While this lack of interest renders the work less productive to the employer it also makes it much more irksome to the labourer.

We believe one of the greatest causes of the present depression in business is the very change of which we are speaking. Men cannot afford to employ labour in many things where they could if labourers took more interest in their work. It is in this way that working men stand in their own light. A man who takes his employer's interest thoroughly to heart can always find something to do in the hardest times.

WHAT THE BIRDS ACCOMPLISH.

The swallow, swift and night-hawk, are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows and larks protect the surface of the soil, snipe and woodcock the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the

economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks.

The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers, which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist by birds is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit. The little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long persecuted crow has been found by actual experiment to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours than the little harm he does in a few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.

COMMON SENSE.

THE very basis of good taste is formed by common sense. It teaches a man, in the first place, that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater your chance of success among men or women. It is not necessary that a common-sense man need be an unimaginative one; but it is necessary that his imagination should be well regulated.

Good taste springs from good sense, because the latter enables him to understand, at all times, precisely where he is; and what he ought to do under the circumstances of his situation. Good taste is a just appreciation of the relationship and probable effects of ordinary, as well as extraordinary, things; and no man can have it unless he is in the habit of considering his own position, and planning his own actions with coolness and accuracy.

GLORIA;

OR,

MARRIED IN RAGE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN Gloria left the disordered room at Gryphynhold, which had been the scene of the mysterious midnight visitor's raid, she went down into the hall, and finding some of the younger men belonging to the place, who had been drawn to the house by the rumour of the startling occurrence, she ordered them to go to the gate cottage and open and air it, and build fires, to prepare it for the reception of herself and her two companions.

Meanwhile the overseer and his two sons sat down in the kitchen to a substantial dinner that had been spread for them by Mrs. Brent.

The young men having procured the keys from the housekeeper, went to the gatehouse to execute the orders of their young mistress.

As soon as the place was ready to receive her Gloria went thither, accompanied by Mrs. Brent and Philippa Cummings.

"I shall have to burden you and Philippa, Mrs. Brent, for a day or two, until my trunks can be packed for transportation; and a good carriage procured to take me to Wolf's Gap, where I shall remain to await the arrival of my aunt," said the young lady, as she seated herself comfortably before the great wood fire in the yawning chimney-place.

"Why, don't you remember, dear, that I volunteered to take Philippa, and go with you on that long-promised visit to my brother?" That is, if you have no objection to our company on the road," the housekeeper explained.

"Oh, Mrs. Brent. You know that I have none. I shall be very glad to have you with me; but I had forgotten, amid so much to excite and confuse me, that you had proposed going."

So it was settled.

In two days after that all the arrangements were made for their journey.

No comfortable cushioned carriage could be procured for Gloria and her companions; but, as the experienced old overseer assured her, the great heavy farm waggon, well covered and drawn by the strong draught horses, was a much safer conveyance along the dangerous mountain roads than any lighter vehicle could be, as there could be no possibility of the animals running away.

So on a bright morning, early in February, when the ground was frozen hard, affording good roads, the ponderous farm-waggon stood on the road, outside the great gate, near the gatehouse.

It was packed with Gloria's trunks and Mrs. Brent's and Philippa's boxes and baskets stowed away in the rear.

Two chip-bottom chairs, placed in the middle and braced against the trunks, afforded convenient seats for Gloria and Mrs. Brent.

Philippa sat on the front seat beside her uncle, who drove the horses.

And so they started for Wolf's Gap, leaving the overseer's boys to put out the fires and lock up the cottage.

When Gloria first traversed the grand pass of the Iron Mountain, in coming from Wolf's Gap to Gryphynhold, it was night, and she saw little or nothing of the scenery.

Now in going from Gryphynhold to Wolf's Gap she travelled by day, and enjoyed the delight of beholding one of the wildest and most beautiful mountain landscapes in the world.

All round and above her towered sublime heights clothed with evergreen trees, verdant now in mid-winter as other trees in summer. Below her lay the open, undulating country, varied with hill and dale, field and forest, river and brook.

She could see these only from the front opening of the waggon, and but imperfectly. How much she wished to have the whole cover taken off, that she might enjoy it all; but old Mrs. Brent was afraid of taking cold, and Gloria was one of those who obeyed the Divine precept: "In honour preferring one another."

It was near sundown when they reached Wolf's Gap, where a hearty welcome from worthy Alexander Cummings and his wife awaited them.

Gloria paused one moment on the porch, in front of the ferryhouse before going in, to admire the sublime and beautiful scenery around her.

On every side towered lofty precipices, clothed with pine and other woods. Through them wound the river, reflecting not only their forms, but the brilliant colours of the afternoon sky, clearly as in a mirror.

"It will not be irksome for me to stay here in the midst of such magnificent and lovely scenery, even if I have to stay a very long time!" she said, as, at length, she reluctantly turned her back upon it and entered the house.

She was shown to the best room: the little ferry-tavern could command—a front room over the parlour, with four windows—two in front, with a view of the river and opposite mountains; and two on the side, looking out upon a rolling landscape of hill and dale, field and forest.

Clean, white dimity curtains veiled these windows, and a great wood fire in the broad, open chimney-place warmed this room.

"I think I could pass some weeks pleasantly in this place," said Gloria, as she took possession of her apartment.

"I am so glad you like it," politely replied Mrs. Cummings, a fair, plump, light-hearted, and good-natured matron of fifty years, who attended her lady guest.

"I had better go over now, ma'am, and see if there is any letter for you. The stage has just come," said the overseer of Gryphynhold, who had helped to bring up her trunks; and now stood outside the door.

"Go, then, Mr. Cummings," she replied; and the overseer departed.

Gloria threw herself in a chair beside the front window, from which she presently saw the stage-coach depart on its way.

Then she remained to gaze on the beauty of the fading sunset sky reflected in the river until darkness overshadowed all.

As she was about to draw the curtain there came a rap at her door, followed upon her permission by the entrance of Philippa, bringing a letter in her hand.

"This is for you, Madame Gloria, and it is lucky you are here to receive it, else you might not have got it for a week or so, not indeed until Uncle Peter Cummings should have had some business more important than the post office to bring him to Wolf's Gap," said the girl, placing the letter in the hands of the young lady.

"I thank you, Philippa," said Gloria, as, with a kind gesture, she dismissed her attendant.

Then she opened her letter. It was from David Lindsay—the first letter he had ever written to her. But an "I" was not the "love-letter" the inconsistent little lady had expected from the lover bridegroom whom she had repulsed and rejected.

The letter was kind, considerate, respectful, and

no more. It was not in David Lindsay's noble nature to practise upon her sympathies.

The letter told her of the accident that had happened to the stage-coach at Kirk's Ferry, which ended in the killing of the coachman and horses and the injury of some of the passengers; but he did not even allude to his own broken arm. He concluded by saying that he should write to her from every stage in his journey, and should ever hold himself bound and ready to serve her in any way that might promote her welfare and happiness.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" sighed the capricious beauty. "If now he would only forget my first impulsive, unreasonable rejection of him, and only come back and be my husband in fact, as he is in truth, that would promote my welfare and happiness, and only that! But he rejects me now! He thinks all my advances toward a full reconciliation spring only from sympathy and compassion instead of from the true love and honour that I really bear him. Oh, Heaven! how can I convince him? How will it all end? I cannot be always courting, even my own husband," she said, with an impatient stamp of her little foot.

Gloria remained two weeks at Wolf's Gap, enjoying the scenery, fine even in mid-winter because of its magnificent forests of scrub and trees clothing its majestic mountain heights; and taking interest also in the ever-shifting events of the arrival and departure of stage-coaches, with their freight of carts, carriages and horses to cross the ferry.

"It is to me a novel phase of life, and it amuses," she said one day, to Philippa.

"Yes, Madame Gloria. You see we are not all of us dead, even among these dull mountains," answered the sunny girl.

By every mail, which arrived twice a week, she received letters from David Lindsay, written from every stage of his journey, and always disappointing to her, because written strictly from the position into which she herself had forced him—that of her faithful friend and servant for life.

She left standing orders with Mr. Alexander Cummings, the landlord, that any passengers for Gryphynhold, who might arrive at his house, should be reported at once to her, so that if Miss Agrippina De Crespigny should arrive en route to the Iron Mountain in search of her niece, her journey might be stopped there.

It was destined that Gloria herself should be the first to witness the arrival of her expected friend.

She was seated at the front window of her private apartment, watching what to her was always an object of interest, the approach of the Mountain stage-coach, by the flat-bout across the river, when she detected at one of the coach-windows the familiar, long, thin, dark face and the stiff, black, cork-sole curls of the old spinster.

"It is Aunt Agrippina. I will go down and meet her," joyfully exclaimed the young lady, as she hurried out of her room.

Just as she reached the front door she saw Miss De Crespigny alighting from the stage-coach, and heard her commanding voice demanding:

"What sort of a conveyance can I get in this uncivilised place to take me on to Gryphynhold, this afternoon?"

"You need not get any, Aunt Agrippina. I have come thus far on my road home to meet you," answered Gloria, speaking for every one else as she advanced to meet her relative.

"Oh, you are there, are you? I am glad of it. Come now, take me to your own room, if you have one, and if not, to some other private place where we can have a talk together," said the old lady, in a sharp voice, as she strode into the hall.

"Come to my chamber, if you please, aunt," replied the young lady, as she led the way to the stairs, stopping only for an instant to order tea and toast to be sent up immediately.

When they had reached that upper chamber Gloria drew the large arm-chair to the fire and invited her aunt to sit down in it, while she relieved the old lady of her bonnet and wraps.

"It is not everyone, I can tell you, my dear, who would have come a hundred miles, in the depth of winter, over such barbarous roads, to serve a wilful, capricious creature like you," she exclaimed, as, being freed from all her outer garments, she reclined back in her easy-chair, and stretched her slippered feet to the fire.

"I know it, dear aunt, and I am grateful accordingly," replied the young lady.

At this moment the tea and toast arrived with the addition of poached eggs and broiled birds.

"And how is it that I find you here instead of at Gryphynhold?" inquired the old lady, as she discussed the delicacies placed before her.

"Because I was ejected from the manor-house," answered Gloria.

"Ejected! By whom? Who undertook to eject you from your own house? And upon what pretence? You were foolish for vacating, that is all. By whom were you ejected, I say? We will take the law of him, whoever he was," wrathfully inquired the old lady.

"I was driven forth by one who is not amenable to human laws!" said Gloria, gravely.

"One not amenable to human laws! Upon my word, he must have been a very potent high mightiness! I did not know we could boast such in our country! Who was he, pray?"

"A ghost!"

"Eh?"

"I was ejected from Gryphynhold by a ghost!"

"A ghost! Rubbish! What ghost?"

"The ghost of Dyvyd Gryphyn!"

"The ghost of Dyvyd Gryphyn?" echoed Miss Agrippina, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Upon my word, Gloria, I thought you had more sense than to talk such nonsense."

"So did I! I always thought I had a great deal more sense than to be affected by such 'nonsense,' as you call it; but one night at Gryphynhold has convinced me of my mistake."

"To suffer yourself to be scared away by rats running about between the floors and walls, or the wind beating against the doors and windows of an old house—bah!" exclaimed Miss De Crespigny, in high scorn.

"Who told you that it was the wind or the rats that frightened me? Truly I was well used to them at Promontory Hall. No, Aunt Agrippina, it was neither the wind nor the rats that drove me away, unless one or the other could have taken the form of a man, or of a demon, and burst through barred and bolted doors, and traversed a hall and staircase at midnight in the night—the full light of three candles and terror-stricken women! But if you will listen I will tell you all about it," concluded Gloria, as she rang for a servant to come and remove the tea-service.

"Well, tell me; but, mind, I shall not believe it, all the same. I am curious, but not credulous," said Miss Agrippina.

So when the service was removed, and the little table restored to order, Gloria gave Miss De Crespigny a graphic and vivid account of the startling incidents that made night hideous on the occasion of her last lodging at Gryphynhold.

"It was some ruffian bent on robbery! That is what it was!" exclaimed Miss De Crespigny, with asperity.

"How could any ruffian flash in an instant through strong iron-barred oaken doors? That is what I would like to know!" inquired Gloria.

"It remains to be proved that the doors were barred! You may have been mistaken. However, I will not dispute with you. If you like to believe in ghosts you can do so. It is an age of free thought. I have more important subjects to discuss with you, Gloria."

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina!" exclaimed Gloria. "If you are going to discuss my frantic marriage I can add nothing to what I have already written to you!"

"You shrink from the subject, Gloria, and well you may," severely retorted the old lady, "for a more frenzied act I never heard of in the whole course of my existence! That any woman should be so oblivious of all sense of delicacy and propriety as to ask any man to marry her, passes all my powers of mind to understand. But that the Countess de la Vera should invite a poor unlearned young labourer to be her husband was just frenzy and more than frenzy!"

"And I was driven to 'frenzy and more than frenzy' as I should have been driven to the state of a demoniac and a criminal—as I should have been driven to temporal and eternal destruction—if I had not fled for refuge to a marriage with David Lindsay. But that I found a sure defence in him the fate of Beatrice Cenci would have been mine!"

"Don't say such horrible things, girl! They are enough to curdle one's blood and bleach one's hair!" cried Miss Agrippina.

"They are not near so horrible as the reality was! Think what my extremity must have been before I could have asked David Lindsay to make me his wife!"

"Why under Heaven could you not have told Marcel De Crespigny that his suit to you was uncanonical, sinful, sacrilegious, and so dismissed it?" sharply demanded Miss De Crespigny.

"Why under Heaven can we not say to a fire that has seized upon a building: Your action is irregular, inconvenient, and destructive, and so extinguish it?" retorted Gloria.

"This is not a subject for mockery!"

"No, indeed, it is not, Aunt Agrippina. I am in my right mind now, for the first time in many

months. You cannot even imagine the distress, the desperation, and the danger that I was in during my last stay in my uncle's house."

"In what danger could you have been? You will not pretend to tell me that my nephew was capable of any rudeness unbecoming to a gentleman, an officer, and a De Crespigny?" inquired the old lady, loftily.

"No, no, no!" emphatically answered Gloria; "but there are potencies more subtle and more to be feared than such as you mention, Aunt Agrippina. You know how devotedly I always loved Marcel from my infancy up, but I loved him as my young uncle, or elder brother, or companion, or anyone rather than a suitor for my hand in marriage. As a suitor I shrank from him in disgust and abhorrence unutterable. But there were times when I saw him suffer so much from my coldness or anger that I could feel nothing but the deepest and most self-forgetting sympathy and compassion for him, and the impulse to exclaim: 'If you cannot live happily without me, dear Marcel, take me. I do not care for any so that I can see you happy.' Yes, often and often was I impelled to say these fatal words."

"If you had spoken such weak and wicked words and acted upon them, I would never have seen you or spoken to you or Marcel again, never!" exclaimed Miss Agrippina, with asperity.

"I do not think you ever would have had the chance to do so, auntie, for such an act would have been followed by a reaction that would have ended in a catastrophe."

"Pray don't talk in that way. What do you mean?"

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, I need sometimes to dream that I had been so mad as to marry Marcel, and that I was trying to hide myself from him, in the greatest fear and distress lest he should find me. At other times I dreamed that in my horror and anguish at having made him my husband I had murdered him, and was flying from justice—flying for my life—and I would wake from such dreams shaking with horror, or bathed in a cold perspiration. I grow, at length, so confused and distraught that I had dreams within dreams, and scarcely knew these from realities. But, surely, Aunt Agrippina, I have written enough to make you understand, without the need of further explanation," said Gloria pleadingly.

Miss Agrippina understood well enough.

She had understood all along, only she could not deny herself the gratification of reproaching her niece.

"And you know I was quite alone with Marcel, except for the servants. I had no one to advise with, no one to modify his influence over me."

"But why have thrown yourself into the young fisherman's arms? Why not have selected a gentleman? Why not have gone and asked old General Stuart to marry you? It would have been a far more proper proceeding. And I dare say he would have taken you at your word. He has been trying in vain to get a young wife for the last twenty years!" persisted the persecuting old lady.

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, how can you say such cruel things to me?" exclaimed Gloria, flushing scarlet over face, neck, and bosom. "There was never anyone under the wide canopy of Heaven of whom I could have asked such a question, in whom I could have placed such a sacred trust, but David Lindsay, my childhood's own dear playmate and companion! We had been like a dear, only brother and sister from childhood up. For he had no sister, nor I any brother, nor had either of us any little friend but the other. On last Christmas Eve he saved my life at the hazard of his own; and afterward I found out—without his meaning that I should—how much he loved me. To whom could I go, in my extremity, but to him?"

"One would think, to hear you talk, that it was not so much necessity as inclination that caused you to marry him."

"Oh, Agrippina, I do not deserve such unkind words!"

"Yet one might judge from your manner that you really like the young labourer."

"I do more than like him. I love him very dearly, Aunt Agrippina, but not in the way you so cruelly hint. I love and honour David Lindsay more than I do any other man in the whole world, and the longer I live and the more I see of others, and the better I know him, the more highly I love and honour David Lindsay."

"You had better hold to your engagement with him, then!" said Miss De Crespigny, sarcastically.

"No, I do not wish to be his wife. I do not wish to be anybody's wife. I don't, I don't!" exclaimed the girl, with the passionate and childlike reiteration to which she was sometimes addicted.



[DAVID'S LETTER.]

"I think you are right there," said the ancient maiden lady, with a nod of approval—"quite right there! Marriage is mostly a mistake. I never married, and I have been free from care and trouble all my life. The happiest people I have ever known have been the single ones, and the most unhappy have been the married ones."

"That is my experience, too," assented the young girl, with the wise look of a long and large observation of men and manners. "No, I will never be the wife of any man; but if I should be, I will be David Lindsay's wife."

"Of course, since you have pledged yourself to him at the altar, you must be his wife or no one's. Our holy religion does not admit of such trifling with the sacrament of marriage. Under exceptional circumstances like yours, it will permit legal separations, but no breaking of the marriage bonds by divorce. However, as you do not wish to marry, the limited separation is all that you will require—and your bond to this young man will have one good thing in it—it will be its saving power in preventing you ever wedding again, even if you were to change your childish mind."

"I shall never change my mind. I shall never see anyone worthier of love and trust than David Lindsay is, and since he cannot be my husband except in name, no one else shall be. He deserves that much fidelity from me."

"He is a very worthy young man of his class," Miss Agrippina reluctantly admitted. "A very worthy young man, as he has proved himself by his conduct in this whole unfortunate affair; for let me tell you, Gloria, after all he is your lawful husband, and he might have given you, and given us all, no end of trouble if he had been selfishly inclined to do so."

"David Lindsay gave me trouble for any selfish motive of his own? Never, Aunt Agrippina! My life and soul on David Lindsay's truth and honour!"

"He has proved himself worthy of your good opinion, my dear. Instead of becoming troublesome, he has consented to take himself off to his remote fishing island, and never to trouble you again. Why, he did not even require to be bought off, as he might have done."

"Aunt Agrippina!" indignantly exclaimed Gloria, flushing crimson to the very edges of her hair.

"Why, what is the matter with you, my dear?" inquired Miss De Crespigny, wholly misunderstanding her. Why are you so excited, Gloria? I

said, and emphatically repeat, that he might have required to be bought off, and at a pretty good price too! And I rather think that both you and your friends would have been willing to have paid down a pretty heavy sum to secure his absence and his silence if he had asked it, as he might have done."

Gloria started up from her chair and began to walk the floor with rapid steps, as was her custom when much disturbed.

"I cannot think what I have said to upset you so, my dear. However, he did not require anything, and so we will not have to disburse a single shilling on his account. Yet still, though he is too right-minded to ask anything, yet if you have the proper pride yourself, you will settle something on him—say five hundred a year, or so."

"Aunt Agrippina! for shame! How can you? How can you? You, a gentlewoman by birth and breeding, offer such an insult to the purest and noblest gentleman that ever lived on this earth? I am ashamed of all you De Crespignys!"

"Countess Gloria, your language is most offensive. It is most outrageous! What have I said or done to draw this tirade upon myself?" demanded Miss Agrippina, with suppressed rage. "If this were not Lent I should get into a passion, but I will not suffer myself to be provoked to anger by a perverse child! Countess Gloria, I forgive you," concluded the old lady, as she crossed herself devoutly.

"Forgive me, then, Aunt Agrippina. I was wrong to speak to you in such words—to you, who have been so good and kind as to come all this long journey just to look at a 'perverse child,'" said Gloria, all her sudden blaze of anger burned quickly out as a fire of straws, when she resumed her seat by the old lady's side, and added:

But, Aunt Agrippina, didn't you see enough of David Lindsay during your last interview with him to perceive, through his country-made clothes, rough hands and sunburnt face, the true gentleman? Dear auntie, does the outside deceive you so easily? Have you never seen a vulgar brute in a swallow-tailed broadcloth coat and white kid gloves? Or a gentleman in a fustian jacket, without any gloves at all? I grant you that the fine coat and dainty gloves naturally appertain to the gentleman, and the rough roundabout and the bare hands to the other man. But have you never seen these appropriate costumes reversed? I have more than once."

"Well, maybe I have too, to tell the truth," the old lady frankly admitted.

"Now, Aunt Agrippina, during your interview

with David Lindsay, could you have looked him in the face and offered him a bribe to keep away?"

"Well, now, no—not just then, perhaps."

"Not then, nor could you really have ventured to offer David Lindsay money to take himself away. I only wonder you ever dreamed that anyone could."

"My dear, it is my private opinion that you will end all this by taking David Lindsay for your husband in good earnest," said Miss De Crespigny, staring at her niece in dismay.

"I could not possibly take a purer or nobler man," answered Gloria.

Miss De Crespigny stared longer, with increasing dismay.

"The Countess De la Vera ought not to contemplate such degradation as the most remote possibility," she severely replied.

"You must not call it a degradation, Aunt Agrippina! I will not have you speak so! But there, I do not wish to quarrel with you again."

"Gloria, I have come, at your bidding, a long way to serve you. At some risk to health and life, too, for a woman of my age. Now that my journey may not be all in vain, especially since it was undertaken at your request, promise me one thing?"

"What is that, Aunt Agrippina?"

"Promise me that you will not reunite yourself with David Lindsay for one year at least."

"I can easily pledge myself to that, aunt, since David Lindsay himself has put me on probation," replied Gloria, with a singular smile.

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss De Crespigny, in consternation.

"Yes, ma'am. You see I had repented of my cruel, ungrateful rejection of his love at the very altar of our marriage, and I implored him to stay with me, and promised to make as good a wife as I could, but he firmly though kindly insisted that I should take time to consult you and know my own mind before settling my destiny."

"Well, upon my word and honour, Gloria, you are more of an idiot and he is more of a gentleman than I thought," exclaimed the old lady.

"I told you so, aunt," replied the girl, in no whit offended by these words.

"But you pledge yourself not to reunite with David Lindsay for the space of one year?"

"Yes, Aunt Agrippina, I do; I pledge myself to be as cold, heartless, worldly, and good-for-nothing as a woman can possibly be, for the space of twelve months," answered the girl.

(To be Continued.)



[THE ACCIDENT.]

WHO DID IT?

OR,
THE WARD'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! let us no longer then vainly lament
Over scenes that are faded and days that are
spent,
But by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
Our hope's waving banner still fixed be our
giance,
And should Fortune prove cruel and false to the
last,
Let us look to the future and not to the past.

"So 'The Wilderness' is sold at last. It has
gone from the old family for ever, I suppose?" said
Sir Charles Molyneux, a baronet of long standing in
the primitive and wild county of Cornwall.

He had been transacting business with that very
important and sui generis personage, the "Family
Solicitor," and was just buttoning his coat to go,
when he made the above half-questioning remark.

Mr. Pitters assented briefly:

"Yes, it is sold at last, Sir Charles."

"Did it fetch a pretty good sum?" was the next
question.

It is a remarkable thing that curiosity frequently
seems to be whetted by the very reticence that might
be supposed to restrain it.

Mr. Pitters certainly did not act on this decidedly
common rule, for his second answer was little more
ample or satisfactory than the first.

"Yes. It did fetch quite its value, I should say.
It will need still more to put it in order. It has not
been inhabited since the death of Mr. Roy Devaux,
you see, and that is bad for a place," he observed.

"Ah, that was a curious business, was his death,
and so soon after the sister's disappearance from the
county, and then the next of kin declining to accept
it with all its heavy mortgages, there was nothing to
do but to sell it," returned Sir Charles, still fumbling
with the fastenings of his coat and gloves. "But
you had some difficulty, I understood; it was with-
drawn from public auction, I remember, some twelve-
month ago."

"Yes, we found a private offer was the best," ob-
served Mr. Pitters, with provokingly irritant re-
serve.

"And who bought it then at last?" inquired Sir
Charles. "I have heard, no doubt, but I forget the
name."

"The present occupant is a Mr. Leclerc, with his
daughter and a ward," returned Mr. Pitters.

There was little more to ask, it might have been
imagined, but Sir Charles still lingered.

"Ah, well; it will bring back old times for the
place to be open and some young girls in the case,
though it will be a strange thing if they can touch
Voila Devaux in beauty or fascinations, as she was
—was in my boyish remembrance," returned Sir
Charles, reflectively.

"There may be a chance of it, as the ward is of
the Devaux blood and name," was the response of the
lawyer. "Mr. Leclerc came from the colonies, I be-
lieve, where Cecil Devaux died. He is now the
daughter's guardian."

"Cecil, man, there is news of him? and he is
dead after all these years?" exclaimed Sir Charles.

"He is dead," replied Mr. Pitters; "and has
only left one child to preserve the very name from
being forgotten. He was very little known here,
in comparison with Roy, you see, so his disappearance
created very little interest, and it was only by chance
that his fate has been positively ascertained."

"Aye—I see. And I suppose that there was a
trifle to spare that will keep the poor girl; is it so,
Pitters?" asked the baronet.

"Yes. That of course goes to her, but there were
heavy mortgages, as you know, accumulated by Roy
and his father. And they naturally must be cleared
off from the purchase money," returned Mr. Pitters
calmly.

"Ah, they were an extravagant lot, I fear, or they
would never have got in such a mess," observed the
baronet. "It was not as if he had been lumbered
with a large family. There was but Roy and Cecil
and the daughter."

Mr. Pitters nodded assent.

"Some persons let money slip through their
fingers," he said; "there's no accounting for these
things, Sir Charles."

"Quite true—quite true, Pitters; but it is none the
less to be regretted. I have but one boy and girl my-
self, but I'd be shot before I'd spend their patrimony
and give them cause to hate their father's memory.
But I daresay you are busy, and I won't take up your

time any longer. You'll have those papers all right
by Friday. Good-day. Don't come out, your clerk
can do that business as well as you can."

The baronet nodded with condescending gracious-
ness and left the room.

Mr. Pitters gave a silent whistle at his departure.

"He's not so far wrong according to his lights,"
he muttered; "and only time will show how far he
is justified. It's a dark business altogether, but I've
inherited a reverence for the Devauxs with my
mother's milk and my father's parchments; what
they do shall be seconded by me, so long as it does
not break the law. That would be more than even
my allegiance could tolerate."

Mr. Pitters shook off the weight that was weighing
upon him, and putting away with a duly-docketed
ticket the papers on which he had been engaged, he
returned to his work.

Still the name of Devaux danced before him on
the pages, and more than once he muttered:

"Will it answer, I wonder. I hate all these mas-
querading arrangements. Nothing like the plain
truth, to my thinking. Yet in this case there's a
great deal to be said on both sides, and I'd be loth to
outrage the wishes of the dead, even were he not of
the ancient line."

Once more Mr. Pitters applied himself to the other
documents before him with a determined, if some-
what distracted resolution not to permit his thoughts
to wander from the business that claimed his atten-
tion.

But there was a memory and a romance connected
with that same "Wilderness" that occupied even
the practical lawyer.

A secret which only he and one other knew, and
which he was in honour and by solemn word pledged
not to reveal, had been trusted to his keeping.

And though it is presumed that such things are
familiar to the family solicitor and family physician,
this affair was of too peculiar and permanent a
character not to preserve a characteristic of its own,
all apart from the ordinary troubles and events
which are the usual occupants of lawyers' brains,
and of the strong boxes in lawyers' chambers.

And a fair image of the past and a vision of the
possible future came between Mr. Pitters and the
crabbed lines of the deeds he was perusing with dis-
tracted shadows dancing over the page.

* * * * *

Sir Charles Molyneux was decidedly a popular man

in the neighbourhood, nay, in the whole county round.

It was rare for him to encounter any individual that he did not recognise, and still more so for him to allow any chance of filling his hospitable board and handsomely furnished house to pass by unimproved.

The groom was therefore by no means astonished when, on the apparition of two figures walking on the path on the other side of the hedge they were passing, he was told to pull up, and the sharp interrogation given:

"Who's that, Campbell? I only know one of them, I fancy."

"No, Sir Charles. One's Mr. Neville Grantley. I don't know the other," was the reply.

In another instant the baronet had spurred his steady going cob to the spot.

"Grantley, is that you? Wanted to see you. Got some people coming, and a bit of news for you, or rather your uncle. Will you both dine with me next Monday?"

He looked at the stranger as he was speaking with a glance that took in all his characteristics at a moment.

Reginald Waldegrave was very handsome, without doubt, fine-featured, strong-limbed, tall, a great contrast to the more delicate and refined contour of his companion, Neville Grantley, who boasted the pure fair skin, well cut features, and large thoughtful eyes of the Saxon type.

"I will come with pleasure, Sir Charles. My uncle, as you know, never does go out," he replied. "I am afraid you will have to carry the news to him yourself, or through me, his unworthy representative."

"It's a pity, a great pity. Can't see why he should shut himself up so; though at first every one guessed pretty well the cause," observed the baronet. "Is this gentleman staying with you, Grantley?"

"No; I fell in with him accidentally, though he is an old college chum," replied Neville. "Mr. Reginald Waldegrave, Sir Charles Molynaux," he added, with a gesture of introduction. "He's coming to pay a visit in the neighbourhood, but I fancy his friends are not arrived yet."

"Waldegrave, why that's a familiar name to me. Went to Eton with a Philip Waldegrave, of Studale Abbey," said Sir Charles, cheerily. "Any relation of yours, my young friend?"

"Yes—only a father," observed the young man, with a smile.

"Then you'll not go away without coming to the Park, that's certain," exclaimed the cheery baronet. "Why not home at once if your other visit is delayed?"

"You are most kind," said the young man, "and I certainly shall do myself the pleasure, but I must ascertain the exact movements of my friends at 'The Wilderness' before I make any positive engagements."

"Hum! it's this same new man, this Mr. Leclerc, that you know," said Sir Charles.

The young man assented.

"And his daughter—and—his ward?" asked the elder gentleman.

"I know Miss Leclerc, no other part of his family," remarked Reginald, with a slight flush that might be from annoyance at the inquisitive questioning of the cheery baronet.

"I dare say not. It's a recent arrival possibly. Well—Grantley will show you the way to our place so soon as you have made up your mind, and we're never so full as not to have a bachelor's closet to put a fellow in. Now I'm off—as Lady Molynaux will fancy Black Bless has made broken bones of me, as she did of her last master."

And Sir Charles, with a kindly nod, rode off.

Neville gave a half-amused shrug as the baronet disappeared.

"Sir Charles ought to be a Lord Lieutenant," he said. "He would entertain half the county if his house would hold them. But of course you will accept. Shall you not, Waldegrave?"

"That must depend on the Leclercs," was the reserved answer. "I am bound to them in the first instance. I can scarcely believe they have not arrived. Will you go with me and ascertain the fact, Grantley, by way of completing your good offices?"

"I will put you in the way for 'The Wilderness.' That is all I can do," returned Neville, with a little constraint. "I am bound to be at Leighton Court in an hour, or I would not be so churlish, old fellow."

The friends proceeded at a brisker pace than before in the direction of "The Wilderness," the towers of the house gradually becoming more and more distinct in the clear horizon, and forming an almost sufficient landmark for the pedestrian, till at length they arrived at a point where three roads

branched off in different directions, when Neville stopped.

"There," he said, "you cannot miss it now, I think; and when you return, if you keep the road, it will take you direct to Newquay, where, you say, you have left your luggage, or, I daresay, one of the urchins here will be happy to show you the way for a penny or two," he added, glancing at a little group of wondering children just returning from the nearest school-house to their respective homes.

"Yes, sir," came from half-a-dozen at once, but before there was time to select from the candidates for the guidance of the strange gentleman and the promised guerdon there was a cloud of dust in the distance which distracted the youthful school—all unaccustomed as they were to any change in their quiet life.

The sound of horses' feet and carriage wheels soon succeeded to the blinding shower, and in another instant an open carriage and four, followed by a smaller vehicle laden by packages and filled with domestics of both sexes, came in sight.

Neville Grantley and his friend both turned instinctively in the direction of the new-comers.

"By Jove! it is—yes—there's no doubt of it—it's the Leclercs!" exclaimed Waldegrave.

Neville gazed also in that direction.

There was a natural attraction for a young man in a secluded country place in the advent of strangers, who would probably become friends, and more especially when two young girls were to be of the party.

His eyes were rivetted on the faces as they came nearer, though it was difficult to form an accurate judgment of them at the rapid pace they drove.

But that they were young and lovely it needed no examination to decide, and even in that hurried moment Neville Grantley fully made up his opinion as to the superior claims of the two for beauty and expression, though he did not identify the one whom he considered to carry off the palm.

The next thing that he heard was a child scream, a woman's startled cry, and then the carriage stopped abruptly.

But though the coachman had pulled up the horses as sharply as the team would permit, it was not before a little victim to childish curiosity had fallen prostrate among them, and for a few anxious minutes it was doubtful whether the little creature had not been seriously hurt, or even worse, from its innocent folly.

Neville sprang forward and drew the little form from its perilous position before the servants had time to descend.

"Is it much hurt?" said a sweet, tremulous voice, as he carried the little girl to the grassy knoll by the roadside and laid her on the turf.

It was the girl he had already so much admired in the carriage, who sprang out and stood beside him.

How lovely she looked in her slight mourning dress, which only seemed to set off to more advantage her youthful grace of form and the delicately-cut features with the large, soft brown eyes and long lashes that shaded, like certain fringes, the ivory cheeks.

It was not perhaps strikingly or dazzlingly beautiful, but a face that at once drew attention and then rivetted it by its refined fascination of expression and feature, and Neville Grantley had taste and sympathies that were immediately caught by its charm.

But it was a momentary, almost imperceptible pause that ensued.

The girl was eagerly bending over the insensible child, and gently examining its little limbs to see where it was injured, while its companions crowded round in half-curious, half-trembling alarm.

"How very dreadful! it makes me quite faint. Do let the servants carry the child away, papa. It can do no good for Viola to hang over it like that," said the young lady who had remained in the carriage, and who did, in fact, look pale and terrified, to the alarm of her father and Reginald Waldegrave, who had approached and was paying his respects at the carriage door.

"Do not distress yourself, my love; I will get out myself and see what can be done, returned Mr. Leclerc, preparing to carry out his intention.

"Miss Leclerc, calm yourself. You will be ill if you agitate yourself in this manner," said Reginald, soothingly. "You tremble—you are cold—you will faint! Dear Pauline, for my sake compose yourself."

He was alone with the girl he thus addressed for the moment, unless, indeed, the postillion might have strained his ears to catch the words. But his attention was too completely engrossed by the accident—for which he might possibly be considered

responsible—either to listen to the speech or to watch the clasped hands that were still unlooked after the first greeting.

Pauline Leclerc was far more strikingly lovely than her friend. The bright, fair hair, the transparent, rose-leaf skin, the large blue eyes and lovely features, were well nigh faultless; and the wraps which her doting father had drawn round her concealed a most graceful form, as Reginald Waldegrave knew full well.

No wonder if his fingers did clasp the little hands and his eyes look passionately into the changeable face that had a yet greater charm from the emotion that it betrayed.

"It was such a shock. It is very foolish. I shall be well directly if Viola would but come back," moaned the girl, falteringly.

"Hush, hush, dearest," said Reginald, eagerly. "Let me think that I can be of some use and happiness to you, even though I have not the open right. Ah, Pauline, if you felt as I do there would be a pleasure in this meeting that a dozen little squalling urchins would not mar. There will be no harm if there is one less in the world," he went on, with half-playful, half-impertinent earnestness.

Pauline's colour did return somewhat to her cheeks at the words thus breathed in her ear.

"Be cautious. Do not speak so," she said, with a look that told a very different tale.

And Reginald triumphantly pressed her hand and stood exultingly drinking in the bright smile that succeeded to her passing sadness.

"We understand each other; that is enough. It is not so, my beloved?" he whispered.

"Yes, yes. Now go. I will be better now," she said, hurriedly.

Meanwhile Viola had busied herself in the tender cares for the little one that only a woman can bestow.

Seconded by the attentive assistance of Neville Grantley, she managed to bring back some semblance of life-like hue to the pale face of the little sufferer, though as yet there was no actual consciousness in the stunned brain.

"Who is the child? What a nuisance all this delay is. Viola, my dear, you had better get in the carriage, and leave some one with the child," said Mr. Leclerc, impatiently.

"Please, sir, it's Nellie Carew, and she lives not far from here. That's the cottage," said one of the elder boys, who appeared rather less terrified than the rest.

"Very well. William shall carry her there," said Mr. Leclerc. "We cannot stay here till it's dark."

"Had not a doctor better be sent for?" said Viola, timidly.

"Certainly," returned Neville. "I will take that on myself. I daresay I shall find a doctor at Leighton Marks, and that will be quicker than any other way of getting one."

Mr. Leclerc looked questioningly at the speaker. At this moment Reginald joined them.

"I ought to introduce my friend Grantley, nephew of Sir Aldebrande Leighton, to you, Mr. Leclerc," he said.

"And I ought to make you known to my ward Miss Devaux, who is playing sister of charity just now in true foreign style," said the guardian. "Mr. Waldegrave, I wish you would permit her to imitate Pauline's practical taste, and not meddle in what does not belong to her age and station," he went on, with a half-jesting, half-annoyed air.

Viola did not submit.

"I cannot leave her, dear sir. It will be such a shock to her poor mother, and I have been more used to these things than Pauline in my country," she returned, firmly. "It is not far from 'The Wilderness.' I can walk if you will leave a servant to show me the way; or," she added, with a glance at the children, "one of these little ones will be able to guide me, I have no doubt."

"Allow me to suggest an improvement on Miss Devaux's plan," said Reginald, blandly. "If Mr. Leclerc will let my friend Grantley take the postillion's horse he will ride over to Leighton Marks, and I daresay get the surgeon here in less than half-an-hour. That will relieve Miss Devaux's kindly anxiety for the child, and the carriage could return for her, or she could carry out her intention of walking home with very little delay."

Any plan of Reginald Waldegrave's was sure to find favour with the Leclercs.

To Pauline he was a fervent lover—to Mr. Leclerc he was the heir to a good estate—the probable successor to a title.

"Then you will, I hope, come with us," said Mr. Leclerc. "We can send for your baggage and make

up for what appears a neglect on our part, though a very involuntary one."

Reginald desired nothing better. Perhaps the attractions of 'The Wilderness' were by no means lessened at the sight of a second bewitching feminine inmate of the household. In a few minutes all was carried out in accordance with his ideas.

Neville Grantley galloped off at a brisk pace, which promised a speedy return.

The carriage proceeded to its destination while Viola Devaux and one of the servants remained behind to convey the little girl to her home.

"Shall I go in and break it to Nellie's mother?" she said to the eldest of the children, as the man proceeded slowly and carefully towards the cottage.

"Please, miss, she has no mother. It's her aunt that takes care of them and her father," replied the boy. "But it's just the same, miss."

Viola soon found that the boy's words were verified when she entered the cottage.

A respectable, though decidedly humbly-attired female, well advanced in middle age, met her as she tapped at the door, with a respectful, but somewhat wondering greeting.

"Who do you please to want, miss?" she said. "Is it my brother? He's not come home yet from the fishing."

"No, it was yourself," said Viola, gently. "I am sorry to say that your little niece, Nellie, here, had a slight accident, but I hope it will be of little consequence, and the doctor has been sent for already."

Mrs. Hoyte, as the woman was called, looked painfully startled, though, perhaps, not to the extent that she would have been had she been the child's mother by blood as well as affection.

"You're very kind, miss; but what's happened, please?" she said, tremulously.

Viola briefly explained, with every softening addition she could devise.

There was little time for words, as the child was brought in almost before she had finished the account of the accident, and the sight of the unconscious, pale little form brought more tears to the simple heart of the woman than any imagination could have done.

"She's dead! she's dead!" she wailed, in the first alarm of the meeting, and Viola felt additionally thankful that she had persisted in remaining to superintend the necessary assistance and care for the little girl.

It was her soft, dexterous fingers that managed to undress the sufferer with little risk of aggravating any possible injury that might have occurred.

It was her suggestions that were so wise and practical that before the sound of wheels came on the distance all was ready for the surgeon's inspection and prepared for his direction.

Neville did not enter with Dr. Wood, but Viola caught a glimpse of his figure from the window, and she inwardly appreciated the kindness that had dictated his return to the spot.

The verdict was soon pronounced.

There was no actual injury to limb or bone, but the head had struck on some hard substance, it appeared, and it would take some little time to restore the stunted senses to their full consciousness.

"But there is no great danger, Mrs. Hoyte. You need not be afraid," he added, kindly. "Nellie is too young not to get over such a tumble easily, only she wants care, you must remember, and whatever I order must be carried out."

He looked round at the fair young creature who was sedulously attending to his directions.

"I daresay you will kindly let Mrs. Hoyte have whatever is necessary for the child from 'The Wilderness'—Miss Leclerc I presume I am speaking to?"

"No, my name is Devaux—Viola Devaux," said the girl, flushing. "I am Mr. Leclerc's ward, not his daughter."

Mrs. Hoyte well nigh started at the sound.

"Miss Devaux? what—the old family?" she asked, hastily.

"Yes," said Viola, sighing; "it is my father and uncle's birthplace, and now I am come back to it as a stranger. But," she added, quickly, changing the subject, "it will not make any difference, Dr. Wood, I am sure Mr. Leclerc and his daughter will do anything for the poor little girl, and I will ask them to send down whatever is necessary, or—perhaps—"

And she put her hand in her pocket to feel for her purse as she spoke.

"No, no, no," interrupted the woman. "Not money—not money from you, Miss Devaux. Why, brother would be angry, he would never forgive me—never. It is different to receive kindness and charity."

Viola silently complied and replaced her purse, secretly resolving that its contents should be devoted to the same purpose, though in a more veiled way.

"I will see you again," she said, "to-morrow, Mrs. Hoyte, as soon as I can, and I will take care you have proper necessities sent to you to-night. I fear I must go now, or I shall keep them waiting, but—I think you need not be very much alarmed about Nellie, she will soon rally, I expect, so young and healthy as she seems."

She took a kindly leave of the woman as she spoke, and prepared to leave the cottage. At the door, however, she encountered the tall and graceful figure of Neville Grantley instead of the groom who had been left to escort her.

"I took the liberty of waiting for you, Miss Devaux," he said, "for I suspect I shall know the way better than your servant, by the short road, so I sent him on with the horse I borrowed so unceremoniously."

"So kindly you mean," she said, softly. "It was very good of you to take the trouble. And the poor aunt seems so grateful and so fond of the child. Do you know anything of the father, Mr. Grantley?"

"Very likely I do know the man, but the fishermen are so much of one type here that it is difficult to remember any special one unless he has happened to be brought under notice," he replied. "And I have been away a good deal the last five or six years at school and college, and almost forget the names of many of the people."

"What did she say? Nellie Carew, I think that little fellow said. Poor man! It will be dreadful for him to find his child in this state," returned Viola. "I fancy they must remember my people from some of Mrs. Hoyte's remarks."

"Probably; the people are institutional here as much as those of our own rank," he remarked. "How long is it since—since—" he paused, then added, "since Mr. Roy Devaux's death? Do you know, Miss Devaux?"

The girl sighed, with a glance at her own mourning robe.

"I scarcely know, for my father never liked to speak of his brother, and very seldom even of 'The Wilderness,' though he allowed me to have a picture of it, and I used to hang it in my room where he did not see it," she said, thoughtfully. "And I know the tower directly it came in sight as we drove along," she added, with a girlish laugh.

"There are some family portraits in the gallery," he said. "At least, I remember seeing some by accident when I was a boy. And it may be fancy, but I think you must be very like some of them," he added, perhaps as an excuse for gazing once again at her lovely features.

"It will be very sad and yet very sweet to be there, and—as a stranger," she said, gravely. "But still it is not my birthplace; I was never in England till a few months ago. It is but sentiment, I suppose."

"Say rather it is an instinct of nature," he replied. "Yet do you know, Miss Devaux, I even am worse than you, for I really do not know where I was born. What would you think of that?"

She opened her pretty eyes with a surprised and sympathising look.

"Then, of course, you did not know your parents?" she said.

"No, I did not; they were dead before I remember. My uncle, Sir Aldebrande Leighton, has been the only father I ever knew, and a kind one in all essentials. But it is very different to feeling that Leighton Marks is my home and my birthplace and my inheritance. So far there is a resemblance in our fates, and perhaps the feelings with which we look on these spots," he returned.

She seemed to reflect deeply ere she replied.

"Yes, perhaps; but it may be sadder for me to think that it was all lost to me and mine and the property of strangers. But that's very selfish and wrong, of course, and I try to look more at the good than the evil when I am in a proper mood, you know."

And a sparkle of youthful vivacity came over her features as she said the last words.

He turned the subject now. He began to speak of the various places of interest round of the families with whom she might associate.

Viola knew not the exact reason, but yet she experienced the benefit of this diversion of her thoughts. She was more composed and bright—more able to meet the questions and half-sneering comments that might await her on her arrival at her home.

And Neville Grantley bade her farewell in the sight of the house, with a feeling that he could never forget that brief walk and its fair companion.

Such an hour as those two new acquaintances had spent together would cause greater intimacy and

interest than weeks of rare or casual intercourse, and in this case it had excited in no ordinary degree the sympathies of both.

Viola's first entrance in the home of her ancestors was a cheerless welcome, and yet one that was perhaps in keeping with her position and the circumstances of her return thither.

Mr. Leclerc and Pauline had already gone to their apartments to prepare for dinner, and the ward was received by a respectable elderly personage, whom she at once concluded to be the housekeeper.

"Mr. Leclerc informs me that you have not brought a maid with you, Miss Devaux," she said, with a slight but perfectly deferential courtesy. "I will show you to your rooms and do what you may require myself till you are suited with one, if you will allow me."

"I shall be much obliged, Mrs. —" she stopped, and the woman supplied the name.

"Goodall is my name, miss. I have lived here many years, and I am very pleased to attend one of the old stock," she added, as she led the way up the stairs, and then to the left through a corridor and a short staircase and passage that conducted to the left wing of the house.

The rooms were gracefully arranged, though scarcely in modern fashion; but the bedroom was furnished with pine and cedar wood that was at once bright and fragrant.

And the adjoining apartment, that was a mixture of dressing and sitting room, contained among other articles a piano and worktable whose excellent condition contrasted strangely with their old-fashioned shape.

But Viola was more occupied with the view from the window than the belongings of her apartments at that first glance. It looked out on a terraced garden with sloping descents, broken at intervals by strangely-cut paths and flower-beds, which, as she afterwards found, had been the especial resort of the Devaux family.

It was terminated by a gate and thicket wood and bushes, but beyond she could perceive the shore with its sharp, dangerous promontories and its deep bays, into which the stately waves of the Atlantic poured with a steady majesty, or at other times with a terrible force that defied the speed of the swiftest to escape, or the power of the strongest to resist.

But there was no time to waste in the examination of the entourage, nor the interior of the house of her race.

Mrs. Goodall had already asked for her keys and opened the trunks, and now reminded the young lady that she had brief space for her dinner toilet.

"I am not very fit to dress a young lady of the present day, though I was maid to your great aunt, Miss Devaux, in my early days. But she died early, and so did her daughter-in-law, I've heard. I shall soon get you a proper maid. I believe I know of one now, the daughter of a friend of mine, who has been taught all the new ways in France as well as England."

Viola laughed lightly.

"She will be too much for me, I fear, Mrs. Goodall. I am very inexperienced at present in either, but I should be sorry to trouble you long," she said, gently.

"It's a pleasure to wait on you and hear your voice, Miss Viola. I should know it for a Devaux's anywhere," replied the woman.

"Is there anything peculiar in it?" asked Viola, curiously.

"Yes, the voice and the smile have always been remarked in your family," returned Goodall, "and you have both, Miss Devaux, that is certain."

The woman had been busy as she spoke in brushing the young lady's hair and arranging it in a decidedly becoming if novel style, with a rapidity that might have shamed a more youthful and skilled abigail; and when her task was concluded she looked at the sweet young face with a thoughtful examination of the result.

"You're very like her—I mean Miss Sybil," she said, "now that I have dressed your hair as she used to do hers. What will you wear, miss—this dress?"

And she pointed to a black and amber one that lay on the bed.

There was no leisure for criticism or hesitation. The robe was no sooner arranged than the dinner bell rang, and taking her gloves and handkerchief from her self constituted maid with another of the bright smiles that had attracted the housekeeper's attention, the girl left the room under the guidance of a servant summoned by Mrs. Goodall to show her the way.

"Pity she's not the mistress here as she ought to be," said Goodall to herself, as the girl disappeared, and she began to arrange the contents of the trunks in the drawers and wardrobes at her leisure. "She's strangely like that poor girl, and yet—why should it be strange when it's the same brood and not distant either. And he came home with her, I saw—he from Leighton Marks—though not a Leighton by name, and he can't help falling in love with her, and there'd be misery for both, and I dare not speak. I've promised, if not sworn, to be silent on the past, and I must not break my pledge at any cost."

Mrs. Goodall was silent and thoughtful during the remainder of the time spent in Miss Devaux's apartments, and when she repaired to her own room she busied herself in writing a letter, the purport of which was to engage the "Louise Manteland" to whom she had alluded for Miss Devaux's maid. Perhaps she distrusted her own powers of reticence should she be too constantly about the person of the object of her cares and interest.

"Well, Miss Devaux, you have reached home in safety. I hope your tender labours were rewarded by success," said Reginald Waldegrave when she entered the drawing-room, where sat Mr. Leclerc, with him, though Pauline had not yet made her appearance.

"The child was not much better," said the girl, simply, disregarding a touch of sarcasm in the tone, "but I hope, from what the doctor said, she is not in any great danger."

"So you really waited till he came?" observed Reginald. "Did Grantley accompany him?"

"He had to bring back the borrowed horse," she said, trying to repress a provoking flush that was rather the consequence of her companion's look and tone than any actual consciousness.

"A servant might have accomplished the arduous duty," remarked Reginald, again.

"Yes, certainly," interposed Mr. Leclerc, "there has been a great deal too much fuss about this trifling accident. It is enough to ruin the lower orders if they are to be brought into such absurd prominence. The little brat ought to be well punished for running under the horses and gazing at her betters, instead of being pampered and petted into absolute ruin. And besides I find that the father by no means bears a good character here, so I request, Viola, that you will not have any more to do with them than is necessary."

"I shall, of course, respect your wishes, sir, but I hope you will allow me to fulfil my promise, and to let the child have what is necessary for her recovery?" she said, firmly. "Indeed, the aunt and the cottage are so clean and tidy that I really think it must only be the father who can be in any fault, and it would be rather hard for the poor little thing to be punished for his faults."

"It is a law of nature, I fear," interposed Reginald, before Mr. Leclerc could speak. "However in this case, Mr. Leclerc, it really might lead to unpleasant consequences if the child died—I mean an inquest and all that, and it is apt to make a new family unpopular, so, perhaps, if you do not seriously object, it would be best to allow Miss Devaux to carry out her benevolent plans and let it end there."

"Well, if it does end there," replied Mr. Leclerc, reluctantly. "You are a man of the world, Waldegrave, and I am willing to take your opinions, but these romantic girls are too easily imposed upon, and must obey me while they are under my care and rule. And my little Pauline here seldom gives me any trouble," he added, as his daughter entered the room.

A very different spectacle to Viola Devaux. Her whole coiffure, her toilet at the very height of the fashion.

Her beautiful and brilliant face and form in its utmost charm.

Her pretty lips wreathed in smiles that were either real or forced from her young heart. Reginald Waldegrave was no tyro in sunny charms. He could comprehend all.

He could estimate them at their true worth. Why did he hesitate? Why did he realise for the first time his mistake?

He had believed that Pauline Leclerc was the most charming of women. He had been caught by her loveliness and her pretty, coquettish ways.

He believed her to be the heiress of wealth which would enable him to wait for the heritage that one day must be his. Wealth to satisfy the debts that had been accumulating during the years of his young life, and which might endanger the future if it became exposed to a stern father and to a disappointed and childless kinsman.

What was at hand now?

Why did the sudden rencontre with that witching girl reveal to him the hollowness—the superficial character of his belief—his love?

Reginald was a spoiled child of fortune—impetuous and wayward as nature and training could manage to train him.

And it was no part of his character or his creed to school or restrain himself from the danger of which he was yet secretly aware.

The dinner passed off as such dinners do, looks one way, smiles another—a secret sympathy, an outward flash of diamond-like repartees.

Then the last hour of the evening came.

"You will sing to us. Sing some bewitching Spanish melody that you must have by heart so familiarly," he said, pleadingly, to the young ward.

She was too simple and too proud to hesitate or refuse. She sat down to the piano, and her rich voice floated over the air.

Soft, mellow, laden with honeydew that stole softly into his very soul, it won it there and then. It woke up the hidden chord. It made him feel that there were sympathies which had never yet been called out by the brilliant Pauline. It was witching, perhaps, but most innocent of its kind.

And when Viola rose from the instrument she was as unconscious as she would have been reluctant at the conquest she had made.

"Now, Paula, it is your turn," said Mr. Leclerc, impatiently. "Give us something to rouse us from that bathos of sweets, my love."

It was brilliant—glittering as her beauty in execution and tone; but it glided over the soul like skates on ice or diamonds on agate, and it left no impression behind save some imperfect scratch that only marred the smooth surface.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

PRINTING ON WOOD.

MR. T. WHITBURN has invented a most ingenious process of transferring artistic designs to wood, for the decoration of houses and furniture. It is called *Xylography*. The pigments used are applicable to any soft wood. The designs now being shown have been printed upon American pine. A very solid body of colour is produced, the patterns are clear out and exact, there is no blurring, and the only improvement that occurs as desirable is a little more care where the two blocks join. Arabesques, tile-patterns, and the quaint devices which in architecture are humorously called *dowers*, are printed with movable blocks, which can be collocated together in an infinite variety of ways. The completed series or group forms the ornament of a door-panel, the skirting for a room or a ceiling, a frieze or a border for any purpose, a line of decorations for the wall of a corridor.

The method is very suitable for application to furniture, desks, workboxes, in cases where the expense of inlaying is prohibitive. At present the results of the disposition of brown, black, russet, green, and gray-blue satins on shallow pine-wood are agreeable from novelty as well as from the taste with which the patterns have been arranged. A door can by *xylography* be decorated in six panels, at the cost of a guinea and a half, in permanent colours, with refined and intricate patterns, such as have hitherto been chiefly seen in the tail-pieces of gift books. Most of the slabs are printed in one colour and by one impression, but tint can be applied over tint in exactly the same manner as in chromo-lithography.

The commencement of the process is to draw on wood or on paper, from which the design is transferred to wood. The design is then engraved, or reproduced in zinc by a well-known method. An electrolyte cast is taken from the woodcut or zinc plate, and the smooth slabs of wood exhibited are printed from the electrolyte under a regulated pressure, and with pigments especially prepared. On a near inspection it will be observed that the wood where the pattern is has been slightly indented by the process. There is no outside film of colour; the dye has penetrated the wood. To preserve the material and enrich it the French polisher is called in, or (and this method appears better) the whole of the wood is covered with a fluid enamel which may be applied by an inexperienced person with a brush, and is serviceable for protecting any neighbouring pieces of metal, as well as the wood. The wood can be scrubbed, washed, and even sand-papered, without destroying the pattern.

The prophecy has been hazarded, that if the new method of wood printing becomes generally adopted we shall see the same interior decorations in every

house we visit. But the forecast rests upon a misapprehension. *Xylography* depends upon printing with movable blocks, and by placing different patterns side by side the effect of the whole may be varied at will.

ACIDITY OF THE GASTRIC JUICE.—At a late séance of the Académie des Sciences de Paris, M. Richet submitted the results of his researches on the acidity of the gastric juice in man, and of his observations on gastric digestion, made on a case of gastric fistula. M. Richet has found that the mean acidity of the gastric juice, whether pure or mixed with food, amounted to about 1.7 grammes in 1,000 grammes of liquid. The quantity of fluid in the stomach has no influence on its acidity, which is almost invariable. Wine and alcohol augment the acidity of the stomach, whilst cane sugar diminishes it. The maximum acidity of gastric juice is attained during digestion. The sensation of hunger is not dependent either on the state of acidity or on the condition of emptiness of the stomach.

A NEW COMET.—The "Athenæum" reports that a comet was discovered by Dr. Winnecke, at Strasbourg, on the morning of Friday, the 6th of April, in the constellation Pegasus. Its orbit has since been determined by Dr. Holstschek, of Vienna, by which it appears that it passed its perihelion on the 14th of April, at a distance from the sun slightly greater than the earth's mean distance; and that it will be nearest the earth about the 3rd of May.

EVIL EFFECTS OF HIGH HEeled BOOTS.—At the Paris Medical Society a paper was read on the above subject by M. Onimus. He pointed out that the shape of the shoe naturally shifts the weight of the body from the calcaneum to the arch of the foot, which was intended to distribute weight, and not to sustain it. In consequence the muscles of the leg become painful, especially after walking. These muscles being obliged to struggle continuously against the tendency of the walker to be projected forwards are affected with severe cramps, and the peroneus longus especially continues to suffer after the other muscles. In some cases the pain will reach the thigh, and with delicate females hysteria is apt to ensue, and occasionally a serious disorder is the consequence.

VENTILATION.

Look at an asthmatic sitting before an open window, regardless of the cold, though it be winter, with his chest heaving laboriously and his countenance expressive of exquisite anguish. What is the matter? Is he in pain? No. What, then, is the distress? It is simply from want of a due supply of fresh air. The spasms in his lungs not only prevents the free admission of air from without, but the free egress of that which is within, so that the air which is in the lungs is a mixture of foul and good air. When so many died in the famous Black Hole at Calcutta, it was because the pure air was shut out that they could not even get as much as the asthmatic does.

Here we have palpable results, and they startle us; and yet we may be suffering from day to day, in so small a way as to be imperceptible, the evil results of a deficiency of air, which may so accumulate as to impair the health, and even perhaps ultimately destroy life. It is only a few that occasionally lose their lives suddenly from want of air, but a comparatively slight but continuous deficiency in its supply is constantly destroying vast multitudes by a slow poisoning.

A good supply of fresh air is an imperative necessity. Such a supply it is easy to get when we are out of doors; but we do not get it when we are indoors unless we make special provision for it—or, in other words, unless we take measures to secure free ventilation. A proper supply of pure air in our habitations and places of public meeting costs something, at least in cold weather. That is the chief difficulty. Economy is in the way. Less fuel is required with defective than with proper ventilation. A small room, closely shut up, is warmed at less expense than a large room with suitable inlets for fresh air and outlets for foul.

The necessity for freshness in ventilation may be seen if we look at the amount of fresh air required for consumption. Each person requires a gallon every minute, that is fourteen hundred and forty gallons in twenty-four hours. It is easy to see that small and closely shut up apartments, and large gatherings of people in public buildings, as they are ordinarily constructed, are incompatible with any such supply as this.

That you may see clearly what the necessity for ventilation is, observe what the lungs actually do with the air which they receive.

Pure air is composed of three gases, in certain proportions; oxygen, hydrogen, and carbonic acid; this latter being in very small quantity. These proportions are altered in the lungs, so that the air which is breathed out is different from that which is breathed in. It has less of oxygen and more of carbonic acid. It is less vivifying by the loss of oxygen—that is, it is thus negatively injured—and it has also acquired a positively bad character by the increase of the carbonic acid. Much increase of this renders the air palpably poisonous.

If, therefore, there be great lack of ventilation, as there often is in small rooms in dwellings or in crowded public assemblies, much injury is done to the health by the diminution of vigour from the loss of oxygen and by the direct poisonous influence of the added carbonic acid. And if the exposure to these deleterious influences be frequent, there will inevitably be an accumulation of evil results, seen in a broken-down system, in positive disease, and at length in death.

Observe what provision is made in nature for the constant purification of the air, and how this is often more or less defeated by the arrangements of man. As oxygen is taken up in the lungs of animals, and carbonic acid gas is sent forth from them, breathing is continually deteriorating the air. But this is remedied by a counter operation. Every leaf that you see is doing just the opposite of what lungs do—it takes in carbonic acid and emits oxygen so that there is an exchange going on between leaves and lungs. In this way the due proportion of the ingredients of the air is everywhere maintained, so that if the chemist examines air taken from various quarters of the earth he always finds precisely the same proportions.

But this is true only of air that is free, and not of that which is shut up where there are sources of contamination. Wherever there is breathing going on, if ventilation be not properly attended to, there is a want of these natural proportions, and the deterioration is increased by fires and lights, for they, like lungs, use up oxygen and return carbonic acid to the air.

There is still another important provision for the purification of air. The three ingredients of the air are not of the same specific gravity. The carbonic acid gas is decidedly heavier than the oxygen and nitrogen, and therefore has a tendency to be below them, as water lies below oil. Now if this tendency were not obviated in some way, the carbonic acid, generated from lungs and fires and various decompositions, would accumulate all over the surface of the earth, pushing up the oxygen and nitrogen above it, as water does oil, and would destroy life and put out fires everywhere. But this tendency is obviated by another—the tendency of gases to mingle together. It is just as the heavier water does not remain below the lighter alcohol poured upon it, but mixes with it. Agitation promotes this mingling, and therefore in ventilation the communication of motion to the air is an important measure, and should be accomplished so far as it can be done without inconvenience.

There are other deleterious gases besides carbonic acid produced in various ways, indoors and without, that are carried off by this same mingling and diluting process, but of these we will not speak, the carbonic acid being the most important.

What now is the inference from all this? Plainly that we ought to make it quite as sure that our lungs shall have a suitable supply of good air as that our stomachs shall have a suitable supply of good food. Oxygen, indeed, is food as really as what is put into the stomach, for it enters into the composition of the blood, and through this of the structures of the body. And besides, the carbonic acid gas which is discharged from the lungs is so much refuse, and should not, therefore, be introduced again, but should be carried off by the means which you see are provided so beautifully and carefully by the Creator.

INTELLIGENCE OF INSECTS.

SOME years ago, when living in a lonely way, says a naturalist, I took pains to cultivate the acquaintance of a remarkably well-developed spider who had formed a symmetrical web in one corner of my room. In order to propitiate his favour, I fed him with such food as I thought best adapted to his taste, and after a while he seemed to rely entirely upon

me for his supplies, relapsing, as human beings often do under similar circumstances, into a luxurious ease and inactivity.

One morning, by way of testing his temper, I threw a small piece of wet tobacco into his web. He, supposing it to be his usual morning fly, rushed towards it with hungry avidity, and instantly ran away to a remote corner of his premises with still greater velocity. I was aware that the presence of such a nauseous substance as this in his domicile would be very offensive, and I also knew he would not venture so near a second time as would be necessary in order to remove the article, and my curiosity was excited to see what course he would pursue.

After a while he crawled to the upper part of his web and shook it with all his might, but was unsuccessful in dislodging the offending substance. He then returned to his accustomed place in the centre of the web, and for a few minutes appeared to be thinking the matter over. At last he stepped out with an air of confidence that satisfied me that he had hit upon something, although I was unable to conjecture what it would be.

True enough, he had solved the problem; and accordingly he went to work at once to saw away a circle around the tobacco, until the whole concern fell out together, after which he repaired the damage, and all was right again. I think, however, that from this time my spider friend never gave me his confidence.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

If Josephine had not known herself to be worse even than Everard had charged her with being she might not have submitted so quietly to the line of conduct he proposed to pursue toward her, but her own conscience was her worst accuser.

Everard had seen her once in the railway-train with Dr. Matthewson, whose attentions had been those of a lover rather than an ordinary acquaintance; but she could recall many such scenes where she had allowed the doctor to say things to her which he had no right to say, knowing as he did that she was bound to another, and the letters which he had wrote occasionally breathed more actual love than real friendship, while latterly hers to him had commenced with "My dear and only friend."

Such friendship as this could not be pure and right, she knew, and the consciousness of her own guilt alone made her manageable and willing to accept the conditions offered her.

Had Rosamond been allowed to give her part of her income she would have been glad, and would have taken it as something due to her, but as that was forbidden she was well satisfied with the house and its surroundings, and the support her husband could give her.

To return to Holburton, after having announced publicly that she was going to her husband, would have been a terrible mortification, and something which she declared to herself she would never have done, and this which was offered her was so much better than she knew she deserved that she accepted it sweetly, and resolved to make the most of the situation.

To stand well with the people in town was her great object now, and to that end every art and grace of which she was capable was brought into requisition, and so rapidly did she rise in favour that before two weeks of her life at the Forrest House was over nearly everybody of any social standing in Roth-say had called or left their cards.

Rosamond, of course, was always inquired for, but for the time she was of minor importance, and Josephine's star was altogether in the ascendant.

She was so gracious and gentle, and if by chance any allusion was made to her husband, there came such a pained, sorry look into her great blue eyes, and her voice was for a moment so sad and low that the people's sympathy was all for her and against the scapegrace Everard, as some of the coarser ones called the young man who had once been so popular.

No reason whatever was given to the public for the estrangement between the young couple, for Everard kept his own counsel, with the single exception of

Lawyer Russell, to whom he told his story, asking at its conclusion:

"Do you think it would be right for me to live with her, feeling as I do?"

"No, hang if I do. It would not be Scriptural, but I'd keep my mouth shut and never give the confounded gossip a chance to report anything I said," was Mr. Russell's reply; and Everard acted upon the advice, and kept his mouth shut, and assumed such an air of reserve and dignity that not even his most intimate friends dared approach him on the subject.

Rhoda Ann, however, who felt herself moved to try to reconcile the parties, ventured to his office to talk to him and ask if he had just cause for his singular conduct.

"Whatever cause I have it concerns only herself and me, and I do not see fit to divulge it. Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Baker?" was his cool reply; whereupon Rhoda Ann left him in disgust, but presented him as a subject of prayer that night at the weekly gathering in her church, where Ike Catchem was now a burning and shining light.

After this no one presumed to mention Josephine's name to Everard, who knew that he was an object of suspicion and gossip, but cared little or nothing for it, so absorbed was he in his own trouble, and in watching the progress of affairs at the Forrest House, where Josephine was to all intents and purposes the mistress, issuing her orders and expressing her opinions and wishes with far more freedom than Rosalie had ever done.

She, too, was very reticent with regard to her husband, and when Mrs. Dr. Rider asked in a roundabout way what was the matter, she had assumed her very sorriest expression, and replied, in a trembling voice:

"Oh, I don't know, except he grew tired of me during the years we were separated; but please don't talk to me about it, or let anyone else, for I cannot speak of it—it makes me so sick."

She did act as if she were going to faint, and Mrs. Rider opened the window nearest to her and let in the cool air, and told Josephine to lean on her till she was better.

And Josephine did lean on her, and drew great, long sobbing breaths, and begged Mrs. Rider to be her friend, and her mother, in place of poor, dear, dead mamma, whom she missed so sorely in her trouble.

As Mrs. Rider was not quite thirty years old herself, and looked even younger, she did not know about mothering this married woman, who, Agnes had said, was twenty-six, to some ladies who spoke of her as being so young and child-like; but she was willing to be her friend and adviser, and she reported the particulars of her interview so graphically and well that after a day or so everybody had heard that poor Mrs. Forrest, when asked as to the cause of the estrangement between herself and husband, had at once gone into hysterics and fainted dead away.

Of course there was something dreadful, and the curious ones were resolved to get at it, and tried old Axie next, and asked if she did not think it singular that her master should choose to live apart from so lovely a creature as Mrs. Forrest. But Axie was wholly non-committal, and answered:

"I don't think nothin'; it's thar business, not mine."

Then, as her interlocutor, who was Rhoda Ann herself, continued to skirt around the matter, she said, more freely:

"Tain't no use, Miss Baker, tryin' to pump me, for thar's nothin' to pump, and I wouldn't be pumped if thar was. Beter 'tend to yer own matters, and you've enough to 'tend to, ef, as they say, you are arter old Ike Catchem, the biggest drunkard in town."

Of course Rhoda Ann felt bound to defend Ike against this attack, and so the conversation drifted away from Mrs. Forrest, and the public was no wiser than before.

Rosamond was the last hope, but she had nothing to say whatever, except that it was a most unfortunate state of affairs, and that under the circumstances she felt that Mrs. Forrest at least ought to live at the Forrest House, her husband's old home, and that arrangements to that effect had accordingly been made.

As for herself, it had been her intention to teach ever since she had become the heiress of the Forrest property, which she could never look upon as hers, and as Mrs. Markham declared her competent, she was going to try it, and leave the place to Mrs. Forrest. She should have done so in the spring anyway, and that lady's coming there had only hastened her departure for a few months.

"But why not stay at least through the winter? She seems a very nice, lady-like person, and you two would, I am sure, be happy together, and you might be of some service in reconciling the parties," Mrs.

Rider suggested, for it was she who was the questioner.

To the last suggestion Rossie made no reply. She merely said:

"Perhaps we might be happy together, but one mistress in a house is enough, and I would rather go."

As she spoke something in her voice and in the expression of her face led watchful Mrs. Rider to believe with the people generally that if there were a woman in the case it was Rossie instead of Beatrice Belknap.

But Rossie was too great a favourite with everyone to become a subject of gossip. Her spotless, innocent life was too well known for any censure to fall on her.

True, in her ignorance of the existence of a wife she might have been interested in Everard, and probably was, but for that she was not in fault; she was wholly blameless, whatever others might be, and so the public edged the young girl round with so strong a wall of defence that Josephine could not have reached her by so much as a breath of calumny, had she chosen to try, which she did not.

After her threats to Everard as to what she could and would do if he exasperated her too much, she decided upon another policy with regard to Rossie, whose position she intuitively defined, and whose generous nature she guessed.

She meant to be friends with her, if possible, and she waited anxiously for a personal interview, which was accorded her at last, and the two met in Rossie's room, where, in her character as invalid, Rossie sat in her easy-chair, with her beautiful hair brushed back from her pure, pale face, and her great black eyes unusually brilliant with excitement. For she was excited and nervous, too, as she sat waiting for the person she had once imagined to be a man of the most depraved character—for Joe Fleming, who came tripping along the hall and knocked lightly at the door.

Josephine had been almost as nervous with regard to this interview as Rosamond herself, and had spent at least an hour over her toilet, which was perfect in all its details, from the arrangement of her hair to her little high-heeled slippers with the fanciful rosettes.

"She can't help thinking me handsome, and beauty goes a great ways," she thought, when at last she started for the mysterious chamber into which she had never entered, though she had now been for two weeks an inmate of the house.

Rosamond knew she was handsome; she had heard so from Everard and Mrs. Markham and Axie and Lois, and from every person who had spoken of her at all.

So she was prepared for something very pretty, but not as beautiful as the woman who came half hesitatingly, half eagerly, into the room, and stood before her with such a bright, winning smile upon her lovely face that it was hard to believe there was guile or artfulness there.

Rising to her feet Rossie offered her hand to her visitor, who took it and pressed it to her lips, while she said something about the great happiness it was to see one of whom she had heard so much.

"Why, I used actually to be half jealous of the Rossie Everard was always talking about," she said, referring to the past as easily and naturally as if no cloud had ever darkened her horizon, or come between her and the Everard who had talked so much of Rossie.

When Josephine first entered the room Rossie was very pale, but at this allusion to herself and Everard there came a flush to her cheeks and a light to her eyes which made Josephine change her mind somewhat with regard to her personal appearance.

Even while kissing her hand and pretending not to look at her, Josephine had noted every feature of Rossie's face and every detail of her dress, and had decided that though she had fine eyes and abundant hair, and tolerably regular features, she was old-fashioned, and had no style whatever, and wore horrid-looking slippers, and stockings much too big for her.

"Nobody can ever call her a beauty," she said to herself, but as the interview progressed, and Rossie grew interested and earnest Josephine looked at her wonderingly, and forgetting the stockings and the slippers which had so offended her fastidious taste, thought only of the glowing face, which she confessed was very attractive and sweet, and of the wonderful eyes which flashed and shone like stars, and almost bewildered and confused her with their brightness, and the way they had of looking straight at her, as if to read her inmost thoughts.

It was impossible to suspect Rossie of acting or saying anything she did not mean, for her face was like a clear, faithful mirror, and after a little Josephine began to grow ill at ease in the presence

of the young girl who was so natural, and gave one the impression of so much candour and truthfulness.

The bright black eyes troubled her a little when fixed so earnestly upon her, and she found herself wondering if they really could penetrate her secret, and see just what she was.

It was a singular effect which Rossie had upon this woman, whose character was one web of falsehoods and deceit, and who, in the presence of so much purity and innocence, and apparent trust in everybody, was conscious of some new impulse within her, prompting her to a better and sincerer life. I must apologise for something, she thought, as she wondered how much Rossie knew of her antecedents, and then suddenly she burst out with:

"Excuse me, Miss Hastings, or Rossie, I so much wish you'd let me call you by the name I have heard so often, and seen, too, you will remember, in your own handwriting," and there actually came a blush of shame to the bold face as Josephine saw the changed and troubled expression in Rossie's eyes at this sudden allusion to the business transactions which had once taken place between them. "It was so mean in me, Rossie, and I have hated myself so much for taking that money, the price of your lovely hair, and letting you believe I was a man, a dreadful gambler, seeking Everard's ruin."

She had her hand now on the "lovely hair" and was passing her white fingers through it and letting it fall in curling masses about Rossie's neck and shoulders, as she went on:

"It was such a funny mistake you made with regard to me, and I laughed so then and every time I remembered it since. It was wrong in me to take the money. I would not do it now, but we were so poor, and I needed it so much, and Everard could not get it. Has he told you all about those times, I wonder, when we were first married, and he did love me a little?"

"He has told me a good deal," was Rossie's straightforward answer.

And in her voice there was a slightly hard tone as she remembered all Everard had told her of this woman who was trying her so with her caresses, and who she wished would sit down where she could look at her as she talked.

Josephine must have detected something of this feeling for she almost immediately came in front of Rossie, and sitting down upon a stool assumed the attitude and manner of a child as she went on to speak of the past and to beg Rossie to think as leniently of her as possible.

"Men are not always correct judges of women's actions," she said, "and I do not think Everard understands me at all. Our marriage in that hasty manner was an ill-ordered thing, and something I would not enter into again; but if I erred I surely have paid the severest penalty. Such things fall more heavily on us girls than on the men, and I dare say you think better of Everard this moment than you do of me."

Rossie could not say she didn't, for there was something in Josephine's manner which she did not like.

It seemed to be all acting, and to one who never acted a part it was very distasteful.

But she tried to evade the direct question by answering:

"I have known Everard so long that I must of course think better of him than of a stranger. He has been so kind to me."

Then wishing to turn the conversation into a channel where she felt she should be safer, she plunged at once into her plan of leaving the house to Josephine, saying that she had never thought it right for her to have it, and speaking of the late Mr. Everard's last illness when she was certain he repented of what he had done.

At first Josephine made a very pretty show of protesting against it.

"It is your own home," she said, laying great emphasis on the words "your own," and though I appreciate your great kindness, I cannot feel that it is right to take it from you."

But I thought you understood that it was quite a settled thing that I am to go away as I have always intended to do. Everard told you so. Surely he explained it to you," Rossie said, in some surprise, for she did not suspect that Josephine was merely putting on a show of opposition, and that in her own mind she had already arranged the rooms more to her liking than they were now, and decided on several little changes when she should be mistress of the house.

Josephine did not know how to deal with a nature like Rossie's, but she guessed that for once it would be necessary for her to say very nearly what she thought, and so for a few minutes the two talked together earnestly and soberly of the future, when Rossie would be gone and Josephine left in charge.

"You will only be taking what is yours a little in advance," Rossie said, slowly, "for when I am of age I shall deed it back to Everard, and then on the principle that what is a man's is also his wife's it will be yours as well, and I so much hope that long before that it will be well with you and Everard; that the misunderstanding between you and I will be cleared up; that he will do right, and if—if you are conscious of any defect in your character which annoys him, you will overcome it and try to be—to be—what he would like his wife to be, for you might be so happy with him if only you loved each other."

The great black eyes were full of tears, and Rossie's face twitched painfully as she compelled herself to make this effort in Everard's behalf. But it was lost on Josephine, who, thoroughly deceitful and treacherous herself, could not believe that this young girl really meant what she said; it was a piece of acting to cover her real feeling, but she affected to be touched, and wiped her own eyes, and said despondingly that the time was past, she feared, the opportunity lost for her to regain her husband.

He did not care for her any longer; his love was given to another, and she looked straight at Rossie, who neither spoke nor made a sign that she heard or understood, but she looked so very white and tired that Josephine arose to go, after thanking her again for her kindness and generosity, and assuring her that everything about the house should be kept just as she left it, and that in case she changed her mind after trying the life of a governess and wished to return she must do so without any reference to her convenience or pleasure.

And so the interview ended, and Josephine went back to her room and Agnes, to whom she said that she had found Miss Hastings rather pretty, but without a particle of style, and such horrid slippers and big feet, but she was on the whole a nice little body, and had certainly acted very well about the house, though for that matter she added:

"I consider it quite as much mine as hers. That old man was crazy with anger, or he would never have left everything to her, and he tried afterwards to take it back, it seems, and right the wrong he had done. She told me all about it, and how his eyes followed her, and shut and opened as she talked to him. It made me so nervous to think of those eyes. I believe they will haunt me for ever; and to think Everard never told me, but let me think his father died just as angry with him as ever. I tell you, Agnes, I am beginning to hate that man quite as much as he hates me, and if I was sure of as comfortable a living and as good a position elsewhere as he can give me here, I'd sue for a divorce tomorrow, and get it, too, and then—away, away, to my love who is over the sea."

She sang the last words in a light, flippant tone, and then set down to write to Dr. Mathewson, whose last letter, received before she left Dresden, was still unanswered.

Three weeks after Rosamond left Rothsay to be governess to Mrs. Andrews' children on a salary of forty pounds a year.

Everard and Josephine both went to the station to see her off, the one driving down in the carriage with her, and making a great show of regret and sorrow, kissing her gushingly at the last, and bidding her be sure and write often as every week, the other walking over from his office, and maintaining the utmost reserve and apparent indifference, as if the parting were nothing to him except he felt incumbent upon himself to see that the luggage and tickets were right; but at the last, when he stood with Rossie's hand in his, there came a look of anguish into his eyes, and his lips were deathly white as he said goodbye, and knew that all which made life bearable to him was leaving him for ever.

The pallor of his face, and the expression of his eyes, did not escape Josephine's watchful notice; though she hated him for it, and resented it hotly, she could not forbear trying her powers of fascination upon him even then, and as he walked with her across the long platform to put her in the carriage—for he never failed to treat her with politeness—she said to him with her most seductive smile and coquetish manner:

"Come home with me, Ned, and be friends. What's the use of playing off any longer? I'll try my best to fill Rossie's place."

The last words were spoken with a sneer, and made him very angry, but he offered no reply, and after seeing her safe into the carriage, and wrapping the lap-robe around her, he touched his hat politely, and went back to his office with such pain in his heart and sense of loss as people feel when returning from the grave where they have buried all the world held dearest and best to them.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It was the first of January when Rossie left Rothsay, and just three weeks from that day a wild storm was sweeping over the hills, and great clouds of sleet and snow went drifting down into the open grave in Bronson churchyard, towards which a little group of mourners were slowly wending their way.

Nothing had availed to restore life and health to poor wasted, worn-out Mollie Morton, although at first she seemed much better, and Trix and Bunchie, in their childish way, thanked Him who was making their mamma well, while the Rev. Theodore felt something like new hope within him at the cheerful letters Mollie wrote of what the climate was doing for her.

But the improvement was only temporary, and neither orange blossoms nor southern sunshine could hold the spirit which longed so to be free, and which welcomed death without a shadow of fear.

"I have had much to make me happy," Mollie said to Beatrice, one day, when that faithful friend sat by her holding the tired head upon her bosom and gently smoothing the once black hair which now was more than three-fourths grey, though Mollie was only thirty-one. "Two lovely children, and the kindest, best husband in the world—the man I loved and wanted so much, and who, I think, likes me and will miss me some when I am gone for ever."

This she said, looking straight at Beatrice, whose face was very pale as she stooped to kiss the white forehead and answered:

"I am sure he will miss you, and so shall I, for I have learned to love you so much, and shall be so sorry when you are gone."

"Truly, truly will you be sorry when I am dead? I hardly thought anybody would be that but father and mother, and the children," Mollie said, while the lips quivered and the great tears rolled down her cheeks as she continued:

"We are alone now, for the last time it may be, and I want to say to you what has been in my heart to say and what I must say before I die. When I was up in that dreary back room, you remember, so sick and forlorn, and poor, and you came to me, bright, and gay, and beautiful, I did not like it at all, and for a time I felt hard towards you and angry at Theodore, who, I knew, must see the difference between me, his wife—faded and plain, and sickly, and old before my time, and you, the woman he loved first—fresh and young, and full of life and health, and beauty. How you did seem to fill the dingy room with brightness and beauty, and what a contrast you were to me, and Theodore saw it, too, when he came in and found you there. But if there was a regret in his heart—a sigh for what might—yes, what ought to have been, he never let it appear. But he was so good, and kind and tender toward me that I felt the jealousy giving way, though there was a little hardness left toward you, and that night after Theo was sleeping beside me I prayed and prayed that He would take it away, and He did, and I came at last to know you as you are, the dearest, noblest, most unselfish woman the world ever saw."

"No, no, you must not say that. I am not good or unselfish; you don't know me," Bee cried, thinking remorsefully of the times when to herself she had ridiculed the brown alpaca dress and the woman who wore it when she first saw them on the ship, and how often since she had tired of her society, in which she really found no pleasure, such as she might have found elsewhere.

But she could not wound her by telling her this. She could only protest that she was not all Mrs. Morton believed her to be. But Mollie would not listen.

"You must be good," she said, "or you would never have left your beautiful home and your friends and attached yourself to me, who am only a drag upon you. But sometime in the future you will be rewarded; and, forgive me, Miss Belknap, if I speak out plain. I do not know how you feel towards Theo, but of this I am sure, he has never taken another into the place you once filled, and at a suitable time after I am gone, he will repeat the words he said to you years ago, and if he does, don't send him away a second time. Trix is like you now in her way of acting and speaking, and Bunchie will learn though she is heavier and slower to imitate. I give them to you so gladly, and I want you to look after them a little before you go to live with them for good. Mrs. Hayden will offer to take them; she has said as much to me, and she will be kinder to them now than she would once have been. Her husband's sudden death and the birth of little Harry have made a great change in her, but I'd rather you looked after my darlings. I want them to be like you, who have been so kind to me when there was nothing about me to attract one like you. You will be happy with Theo—so happy, some day, and if I am per-

mitted to know it, I shall be glad for him, and you, and the children."

There was too heavy a sorrow in Beatrice's heart, and her voice was too full of tears for her to speak to the dying woman who clung so closely to her.

Dear little ones, they did not know their mother was dying; but Beatrice did, and her tears fell like rain upon the pinched, white face pillowed on her arm as she kissed the quivering lips which whispered softly:

"Darling Trix and Bunchie—Heaven bless them—and tell Theo—tell him, Mollie will be at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for him, and for you all—as they now wait and watch for me over there, the shining ones, crowding on the shore, and some are there to whom I first told the story of Jesus in the far off heathen land. Tell Theo they are there, and many whom he led to the Saviour. It is no delusion, as some have thought. I see them. I see into Heaven, and it is so near; it lies right side by side with this world, and only a step between."

Her mind was wandering a little, for her words became indistinct, until her voice ceased altogether and she seemed to fall asleep.

Mrs. Hayden, who had been out to drive with Harry, came bustling in, laden with fresh oranges and full of vitality and life; but Beatrice gave her a sign which checked her at once and made her hold her breath as she drew near the bed and looked at the pinched face with the unmistakable mark of death upon it.

"No one can help her now, and if she could speak she would rather we should be alone with her, I am sure," Bee said, and so the two women sat down and watched her as the last great struggle went on, and the soul parted from the body, which was occasionally convulsed with pain, as if it were hard to sever the tie which bound together the mortal and immortal.

And far down the coast threading in and out among the little islands and streams came the boat which bore the Rev. Theodore Morton to the wife he hoped to find alive.

Bee's summons had found him busy with his people, with whom he was deservedly popular, and who followed him with prayers for his own safety, and, if possible, the recovery of his wife, whom they had never seen.

But this last was not to be, and when about noon the boat came up to its accustomed landing-place, and Mrs. Julia Hayden stood on the wharf to meet him, he knew by one glance at her face that he had come too late.

Everything which love could devise was done for the dead, on whose white face the husband's tears fell fast when he first looked upon it, feeling, it may be, an inner consciousness of remorse as he remembered that all his heart had not been given to her.

But he had been most kind, and tender, and considerate, and he folded her children and his in his arms, and felt that in all the world there was nothing so dear to him or ever could be as his motherless little ones.

The next day they left. Beatrice stopped with Mrs. Hayden, but she was with the mourners who stood by the grave that wild January day when Mollie Morton was buried, and she gave the message of the dead to the sorrowing husband, who, whether he had really loved his wife or not, wept like a child when he saw her laid away under the blinding snow, which, ere the close of the day, covered the grave.

Both Everard and Rossie had written to Beatrice telling her of Josephine's presence at the Forrest House, but it was from Aunt Rachel, who, in Bee's absence remained at Elm Park, that she received information which, before Mrs. Morton died, had made her very rebellious against remaining away from Rothsay, where she felt she was needed, and which, now that Mollie was dead, made her turn a deaf ear to all Mrs. Hayden's and Mr. Morton's entreaties that she should at least stop in Bronson long enough to get rested from her journey.

She was not tired, she said, and it was imperative that she should be home as soon as possible, and so the very day after the funeral, in spite of the storm and the earnest desires of her friends, she took the evening train for home; but the storm proved to be of three days' duration, and so heavily blockaded were the roads both south and west, and so many trains were off the track, that it was a week before she finally reached Rothsay, and was welcomed by Everard, to whom she had telegraphed, and who hailed her return with joy, feeling now that he had at least one ally and friend in Rothsay.

Josephine had resolved to be popular at any cost, and make for herself a party, and so good use had she made of her time and opportunities that when

Beatrice arrived almost everybody in Rothsay was more or less inclined towards the lady of the Forrest House, where an entire new state of things and code of laws had been inaugurated.

Axie had of course vacated immediately after Rossie's departure, and Josephine had been wise enough not to ask her to remain. She knew the old woman was strongly prejudiced against her, and was glad when she departed, bag and bundle, for the little house she had purchased in town where she could be near "her boy," and wash and mend his clothes, and fight for him when necessary, as it sometimes was, for people could not easily understand his indifference to the beautiful creature who was making such a sensation in town, and whom women ran to the windows to see when she drove by in the pretty phaeton which, through Rossie's influence, she had managed to get from Everard, or rather from the estate.

It is true the horse did not suit her. It was too old and slow, and not at all like the spirited animal she used to drive with Captain Sparkes at her side in Holburton, but it was an heirloom, as she called it, laughingly, raised from a stock of horses which had been in the family for years, and was so steady that Mr. Forrest was perfectly willing to trust her with it, and each day she drove round the town, showing herself everywhere, bowing to everybody high and low, and because she had heard that Miss Belknap used to do so, taking out to drive the sick and infirm among the poor and needy, to whom she was all kindness and sympathy.

With this class, however, she did not stand as well as with the grade above them. It would almost seem as if they were gifted with a special insight, and read her character aright.

Granny Ricketts in particular set her face against her, and so her pumpkin hood and old-fashioned black cloak were never seen in the phaeton which appeared so often in the streets. Rhoda Ann, however, endorsed her fully at first, and saw in her the new leader who was to take Bee Belknap's place in the ranks of the reformers.

But this Josephine had no intention of doing. She believed more in the old wine she had found in the cellar of the Forrest House than she did in the reformers, whose ranks had been somewhat lessened by deserters and lack of interest in those who ran so well at first.

So when Rhoda Ann asked her to join the league she graciously declined and said she did not believe in that way of proceeding. Men should be persuaded not to drink instead of forced not to sell.

Of course she was a strong temperance woman, and only took a little wine, or ale, or bitters of some kind, now and then, when her stomach was out of order and she was out of sorts, but she would rather not join the league, which could hardly be said to have accomplished any good.

Rhoda Ann could have pointed to Ike Catchem as a living trophy of what had been done, but as she was now often seen leaving her house at all hours of day and night, too, she forebore from feelings of delicacy, but was loud in her applications for the entire conversion of the woman, who thanked her very sweetly for the interest manifested in her, and wished well to the cause which she had greatly at heart, she said, and then made sad inroads upon the wine in the cellar, some of which was imported and bore foreign seals and marks, while more of it was made from grapes which grew upon the estate, and dated back to a time before Everard was born.

One of the late Mr. Forrest's hobbies had been making wine, and doing it himself, too, in his own way, which consisted into bringing into use and into the centre of the kitchen every available pan, dish, bowl, crock, and jar in the house, and then deliberately snapping each grape by itself, notwithstanding Aunt Axie's often-repeated assertions that "smashin' 'em body and bones answered every purpose, and saved a heap of time and bother."

Everard's father cared nothing for bother nor time, and made his wine his own way, year after year, and filled his cellars with labelled bottles, which were seldom touched, for he rarely drank himself, and once his wife would not suffer it to appear on her table; so gallon after gallon accumulated on his hands, and was left at last for the woman he had denounced as a "yellow-haired hussy" "to swallow down," as old Axie expressed it, when she found that wine always formed a part of the lady's dinner, Josephine offering as an excuse that she had become so accustomed to it in Dresden that she really did not feel quite well and strong without it.

This made her unpopular with the reformers, but as these were now a very small party she cared but little for their opinions, especially as she was so popular elsewhere and so much sought after.

(To be Continued.)



[THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.]

DEAN STANLEY.

THE ordinary career of an English ecclesiastic does not offer many points of general interest, and it is cast for the most part in a professional, perhaps in a parochial, groove. Not, certainly, that "the daily round, the common task" of Christian ministrations is in any instance beneath notice; these labours of unostentatious beneficence have the highest claim to acknowledgment and to honour. These things are of the utmost importance, and if we turn aside from such recitals or from such subjects the loss is certainly our own. But the details, like the details of the majority of human lives, are tolerably uniform; and any interest they excite is, as we have said, very much unprofessional, or, as in the case of many an excellent man, is largely denominational.

Many of the best men in the country are never heard of. This, as Montgomery's beautiful verses serve to remind us, is the "Common Lot." Many, again, are limited in their fame to their particular party, circle, or denomination. Such men of necessity could hardly find a place in a general biography; we cannot—though a Higher Power will—glorify the local saints or the village Hampdens. But there are sometimes found men in the several ecclesiastical ranks who, in a sense perfectly well understood, are, besides being ecclesiastics, public men also. Of such is Dean Stanley—concerning whom we will essay a few observations. He is a man of versatile and varied ability; he may be said worthily to fill many parts; and among the masses of his countrymen he is universally known and universally honoured. Possessing liberal scholarship and graceful culture, endued with high sentiments and far-reaching

sympathies, a humanist, a philanthropist, and an eloquent preacher of a common Religion; all this at least is the Dean of Westminster.

Dean Stanley was born in 1815, being the son of the Rev. Edward Stanley, rector of Alderley, Cheshire, and afterwards by nomination of Lord Melbourne, Bishop of Norwich. Sir John Stanley, of Alderley Park, grandfather of the present Dean, married Margaret, the heiress of Hugh Owen, Esq., of Penrhos, Anglesea; from which place, by the way, may have come the second name of Dr. Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn.

Sir John Stanley was the representative of an ancient branch of the Stanley family, having a common ancestry with the famous Earls of Derby; he was succeeded in his title and property by his eldest son, created in 1839 Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The father of Dean Stanley, the late Bishop, was in many ways a remarkable man. His son has supplied an interesting and touching tribute to his memory in the little biographical sketch or memoir prefixed to the episcopal charges and addresses. He had an individuality of his own, and, like all men of marked individuality, possessed, it should seem, occasional eccentricities, almost always of an estimable sort, together with decided gifts of intellect and of conduct. He fulfilled with conscientious care a good work, now happily less rare, at Alderley, in those days of hunting, non-resident, easy-going country persons. Heartily he threw himself into the novelties of genuine parish work, teaching at all times a liberal Christianity, being on friendly terms with good people of all possible persuasions, caring much for the temporal needs and notably for the secular education of his flock, whom he visited annually after his elevation to the episcopate, and with whom through life he held a relationship of enduring affection.

In politics, like his gifted son—and here one statement will adequately serve for both—he was in the best sense a Liberal, but he was also attached to national history and to inherited order, and may perhaps be succinctly described as a Whig of the school of Burke.

He had occasion to oppose the narrowness of the hide-bound Toryism (as Carlyle calls it) which chiefest of all things would keep the people in their places—meaning in those days in ignorance and subjection, and equally he had occasion to oppose the doctrines of the vulgar levelling and anarchic order, which at the time of the Reform Bill, and to a far more mischievous extent in our own day, found auditors ready to swallow those pestilent allurements of the professional demagogue. He, too, alarmed the bigots, especially when he wanted the virtuous Arnold of Rugby (a name now dear to the nation at large) to preach the sermon at his consecration. If he did not attain the same stature of mental fulness he curiously resembled, in his opinions and in a hundred near characteristics, the late Archbishop Whately.

The domestic life of this good Bishop must have been beautiful. He sent his son Arthur to Rugby, to Arnold, for whom the regard of the father has been perpetuated in the son. No modern English schoolmaster wielded an influence like that of Arnold; but we gladly send our readers to the pages of "Tom Brown's School-days" for a pleasant account of the man who helped to trim the intellect and fashion the character of Dean Stanley. At Rugby he passed brilliantly. But we ought to add a reference to his own capital biography, "Stanley's Life of Arnold." From Rugby he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, where he pursued a singularly successful career. He gained a scholarship at Balliol and the Newdegate prize for an English poem on the subject of "The Gipsies."

After gaining the Ireland Scholarship he became first class in Classics in 1837, obtained the Latin Essay Prize in 1839, and was elected Fellow of University College in 1840. For twelve years he was Tutor of his College, and was appointed Select Preacher in 1845. He has filled a succession of exalted positions—positions in all cases fairly falling to his brilliant abilities and his lofty character. In 1851 he was appointed Canon of Canterbury. A literary result of this appointment was his Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral, and he has since published a like volume for the Abbey of Westminster. In 1858 he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. His "Three Introductory Lectures," published in pamphlet form—would that he would give them in new and cheap guise for the general public, who would really profit—are significant specimens of his course of lectures and of his own ecclesiastical and theological sentiments. He touches dry facts and much-vexed questions in the spirit of an Erasmus and with the pencil of a Macaulay. He also held the posts of Canon of Christchurch and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

In 1862 he was selected to accompany the Prince of Wales in his tour to the East, a service for which he had been destined by Prince Albert, who was ever quick to single out high-minded thinkers and liberal scholars. Previously, too, Dr. Stanley had enjoyed, we believe, the intimate acquaintance of Chevalier Bunsen, The Prince left England in February, 1862, accompanied by General Bruce (who died in the journey) as governor, by Dr. Stanley and others. A record of his journey has been preserved in some valuable notes appended to the Eastern Sermons of Dean Stanley. His descriptions of Egypt, of the visit to the tombs of the patriarchs at Hebron, and of the celebration of the Samaritan Passover on Mount Gerizim, are especially to be noted. They visited Alexandria, the Pyramids, Jaffa, Jerusalem; Greece was omitted owing to a delay necessitated by the lamented death of the Prince Consort. On Easter Day, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, the Holy Communion was celebrated by Dr. Stanley. After spending several weeks in Syria, a homeward route was taken by way of Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Cephalonia, and Malta. On the evening of the 4th of June His Royal Highness reached Windsor Castle.

In 1863 Dr. Stanley was appointed Dean of Westminster. This appointment by no means pleased the High Church or Puseyite party, who would always narrow the Establishment to their own views, and who, as supposed possessors of exclusive orthodoxy, would not permit opinions other than their own. As matter of fact the English Church (which contains in her services passages of a High Church or sacerdotal character, and passages or articles capable only of a Low Church interpretation) was built on a

compromise in the time of the Tudors, and has ever practically continued that compromise, and has afforded a clear, practical comprehension or latitude.

In a journal like this we cannot enter into theological disputes. But we may be allowed to attempt a passing word to explain—nothing whatever else—the attitude of Dean Stanley and similar liberal teachers. In a word they preach religion rather than a special theology. Now, we must all have observed, among men of various speculative opinions and creeds, among Romanists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, or even among virtuous heathens as Socrates or Antoninus, certain elements of a common goodness—not morality merely, but morality with a sentiment, and in modern times with a sentiment which we can call distinctively Christian. There is a subtle something, a common religious element, in all these good men, and that is religion, which is afterwards shaped by accretions of rival dogma into many sects, often bitterly denouncing each other. In this view there is a common religion, and beyond that, moreover, a certain common Christian religion, and then, in quite another plane, there are the rival opinions which go to form creeds and sects.

This explanation is necessary. People may admit it or not, though practically, in daily life, we all largely recognise it. Nearly all of us have met good men holding very divergent, speculative views. Now, it is on this common and radical religious teaching that the Dean would more especially insist, while allowing great breadth or latitude or even haze in sectarian variations. Unless we suppose infallible authority to be lodged in some quarter, teaching us Truth beyond possibility of error, this is the final product. Generally, the tolerant and comprehensive school in the church, with of course much of individual variety, has received the designation of the Broad Church.

The Dean's personal qualities and characteristics are amply illustrated in his sermons. They abound, not so much in processes of logic or in curious speculations, as in simple statement of great varieties declared with singularly fluent rhetoric, sustained and eloquent, and abounding in a wreath of felicitous illustration. Macaulay's prose style is familiar; and for fluency, vivacity, force, poetic grace, splendour of effect, Dean Stanley may be called, while his style is still his own utterly, the Macaulay of the pulpit.

As an ecclesiastic Dean Stanley has "given his right hand" freely to all—to Newman Hall, to Dr. Vance Smith, to Dr. Riggs—to Pere Hyacinthe, Associated with him in London life and enterprise have been men like Dr. Vaughan and Canon Kingsley. The High Church, it has been said, will not forgive him for defending the evangelical Dr. Gorham, and for admitting Nonconformists to communion; the Evangelicals will not forget that he raised his voice against the persecution of Dr. Pusey, while both oppose his notions about tolerating the advanced school of thought. It is not needful to enter into particulars.

Most pleasant of all is it, particularly to the general reader, to contemplate the Dean as a philanthropist, in his unvarying interest in and unvarying kindness towards the poor and downtrodden, in his great care for little children. In enterprises of this sort he was much encouraged by his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley. He had in 1863 married this lady, a daughter of the Earl of Elgin, whom, however, he lost in the spring of 1876, to the great regret, not only of her own circle, but of the people at large, and especially of the poor of Westminster, to whom she had been a liberal benefactress.

In his support of movements tending for the benefit of the people the Dean has been indefatigable. He is connected with the Working Men's College, the Working Men's Lecture Society, &c., &c.; and has frequently extended his hospitality to representatives of similar popular bodies. He has been a prominent supporter of the movement designed to promote the window culture of flowers in the dwellings of the poor; the annual exhibition was held and prizes awarded a few weeks ago. Words would fail to tell of his countless displays of wide human sympathy. Perhaps we cannot better conclude our fragmentary sketch than with a few very characteristic words addressed in his annual sermon on Innocent's Day to the young.

This is the way in which Dean Stanley speaks to little children:

"What is it, then, we can recommend to all children if they wish to please their parents, to please Him, and to go to Heaven? Love honest work, love to get knowledge, never be ashamed of saying your prayers morning and evening. It will help you to be good all through the day. Always keep your promises; do not pick up foolish and dirty stories; never, never tell a lie; never strike, or

hurt, or be rude to a woman or a girl, or anyone weaker or younger than yourselves. Be ready even to risk your own lives to save that of a friend, or a companion, or a brother or a sister.

"Be very kind to poor dumb animals—never put them to pain; they are His creatures as well as you, and if you hurt them you will become brutal and base yourselves. Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people; listen and do not interrupt when they are talking. If you have an old father, or a grandfather, or a sick uncle or aunt, remember not to disturb them by loud talking or rough play. Be careful and tender to them. You cannot think what good it does them, and if it should happen that any of you have a poor father or a poor mother who has to get up early to go about their business and earn their bread—and your bread, remember—what a pleasure it will be to them to find that their little boy or little girl has been out of bed before them on a cold winter's morning, and has lighted a bright, blazing fire, so as to give them a warm cup of tea.

"Think what a pleasure it would be to them, if they are sick, if they are deaf or blind, to find a little boy or a little girl to speak to them, or to read to them, or to lead them about. It is not only the comfort they have in having help; it is a still greater comfort in knowing that they have a good little son, or a good little daughter, who is anxious to help them, and who they feel sure will be a joy and not a trouble to them by day and by night. No Christmas present can be so welcome to any father or mother, or friend as a belief that their children are growing up truthful, manly, courageous, courteous, unselfish, and religious, and do not think that any of these things are too much for any of you.

"I know that many of you may have great temptations: perhaps you may have homes where it is very difficult to be tidy and clean; perhaps as you go to school along the streets there may be wicked people who try to lead you astray, and make you steal and swear; and yet I am sure that if you will do your best you will find such delight in doing your duty and in what is going on, that whoever doeth these good things, says the Bible, whether he be young or old, boy or girl, shall never fail."

Dean Stanley has published Lectures on the Eastern Church, Lectures on the Jewish Church, and a Critical Commentary on the Epistle to the Corinthians; he has contributed much to the higher periodical literature, to the "Quarterly Review," "The Edinburgh Review," "The Contemporary," "Macmillan's Magazine," "Good Words," &c. He has also contributed extensively to the valuable dictionaries, classical and biblical, edited by Dr. William Smith. He is a member of many learned societies, British and foreign; he held the office of Lord Rector in the University of St. Andrews, 1873-76, is a Select Preacher at Oxford, is Honorary Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy, and is a Corresponding Member of the French Institute.

T. H. G.

THE HOUSEWIFE AS A COMPANION.

It would indeed be well if many a housewife would take into serious consideration how greatly the comfort and happiness of home depend on her way of conducting the daily details of life—how much on her equanimity of temper and her manner of interesting herself, or trying to do so, in the tastes, occupation, and conversation of him whose chosen companion she is. A companion implies a sympathetic being, ready to enter with hardy zest into all that interests and amuses the person she lives with. The household may be conducted in the best possible manner as regards economy, method, and outward appearance—and far be it from me to depreciate the excellence of the housewife who can do all this; but still she may not be companionable, and this must necessarily be a daily disappointment to her lord.

Engrossed with her ménage, with her children, or with her needlework, she has no ear for the weary man, who, on his return from his daily toil, vainly turns to his wife for any mutual conversation. He has had trouble and worry in his business, perhaps, but knows it to be quite hopeless to obtain her hearing and sympathy on such tiresome topics, and so he says nothing. Well be it for him if he be not assailed with complaints and grumblings of petty home vexations, which a good housewife would try to conceal altogether.

A man may love books, but the partner of his fireside does not care for reading, and wishes he would give up turning over the leaves, and talk to her instead. A husband may delight in pictures, but the

wife knows nothing of art, and will not endeavour to cultivate a knowledge or taste for it; nor is she able to undergo the fatigue, so she says, of standing about at galleries or exhibitions, to look at them—they bore her. Music she has entirely given up.

She declares she has no time, even supposing her powers as a vocalist or executant ever passed the bounds of mediocrity, and so she never beguiles his evening hours with any of those melodies, simple or scientific, that at one time he loved so well, and thus the companionship of the old days ceases to exist. Her husband may dote on country life, enjoy beautiful scenery, sporting, or an occasional ride after hounds. She hates the country; it is dull, and nothing but London, its streets, squares and shops can satisfy her.

There exist women who even prevent their unlucky mates from enjoying society, and throw stumbling blocks in their way if they propose to see their friends. This lady of the house dislikes going out also, perchance because she is aware that she is unable to compete with her neighbours in dress or conversation; so she insists on remaining at home. The husband remonstrates at first, urges a little for a time, and at last gives it up in despair.

And if the companion be unsympathetic when domestic matters go right, what a lot must be his when, added to this, his household is in perpetual confusion—when there exists a total incapacity for administration, for the ruling of servants, or retaining them for more than a short time. Truly such a one has little to console the weariness of his life, unless he possess a cluster of children to refresh him with their innocent young faces. Whose is the fault? Why does the husband fail in making himself acquainted with the tastes and capacities of his future wife before he marries? Surely he is able to judge for himself. But this is not so easy a matter.

In the hey-day of love-making, when a halo is thrown over the object of a man's affections by his own state of mind—when even the faults of his fiancée seem attractive—how can he guess what she will be as the intimate and trusted friend of his home and life? He is sure she is perfection, and for some time he may even be weak enough to think her so. A new position and responsibilities bring out the true character of the young housewife. She finds herself suddenly an important person, and according to her capabilities she handles, well or ill, the reins so lately put into her hands. But the management of a household is one thing; the housewife as a helpmate and a companion is another.

Let us imagine such a model being! She will be ready on her husband's return from his daily avocations to meet him with a smile of encouragement, and interest herself in any topic he may desire for the moment to discuss, entering heartily into it, and giving it her best consideration, aiding him by her intelligent remarks or inquiries in his views of many things. Suppose the topic to be politics, she listens attentively, and tries to comprehend its complications; to the news of the day she lends a willing ear to the opinions of her better half, assisting him with her own.

She reads; and many pleasant communings the harmonious couple enjoy as they talk over current literature or books lately perused by them at the fireside, or in the leisure of a country holiday. She delights in pictures; is the first to propose a visit to any exhibitions which may be open to the inspection of the public, dwelling with an artistic appreciation on the merits of each individual painting which attracts her own or her husband's attention.

Music possesses for her the utmost charm; she will put aside everything to hear it. The slightest hint from her better half of a desire to hear her play or sing will meet with instant compliance. They chat together of past days; she listens with avidity to the reminiscences of his childhood and schoolboy pranks, comparing her own youth with his, and living over again with him these happy bygone times. How she delights in a trip to the country with her genial partner—as genial he must become under her influence—enjoying the quiet, the views, the sunsets, the trees, or what not!

This model housewife will stroll or walk, as her husband seems inclined; she will light his pipe, if he be a smoker; see him start off with his dog and gun, if he be a sportsman; and give him a parting word as he rides to cover. Some men take pleasure in a garden, and pass many delightful hours in pruning trees, budding roses, trimming and rearing plants and shrubs. The model housewife will not be found behindhand here. With gardening-gloves and scissors, she is always at her companion's side to aid or advise him in his work, deepening the interest he takes in his botanical pursuits. In all things she is an intelligent, cheerful, sensible companion, and her husband's various pleasures and

occupations are enhanced and assisted by her presence.

Truly such a housewife is a helpmeet for any man; and if she be a helpmeet to him in hours of happiness and ease, what shall we imagine her at the times of sickness, sorrow, and adversity? A patient nurse, and a sympathetic friend in all troubles, whether small or great. She shares the sorrow with the partner of her daily life, solacing him in toil, weariness, or disappointment, loss of money, or position. He feels that the load is lightened when she is near—the trouble is halved if she but know of it.

This is the picture of the model housewife as a companion. How well would it be for the world at large, and for individuals at home, if we endeavoured to take it as our copy, and imitate it to the life.

THE GOSPEL OF NATURE.

If the devout astronomer is mad, as has been alleged, so also is the devout naturalist. No theory which does not admit that infinite intelligence, operating through a system of fixed laws, controls all the operations of nature, can rationally explain the order and regularity by which they are characterised. The periodic movements and changes which takes place in the animal and vegetable kingdoms are palpably the results of immutable laws. They never vary either in time or manner.

Precisely at the same seasons, year after year, the birds of passage perform their pilgrimage, and the migrants of the sea are equally punctual. The swallows are always true to time—the shad, herring and mackerel never disappoint time. The hibernating mouse could not “turn in” and “turn out” with greater regularity if it consulted the almanac, nor the ermine and the sable put on and put off their cold-weather coats with a stricter regard to dates if they were subject to army regulations. Insects appear or disappear without fail, rain or shine.

Trees bud, plants flower, seeds ripen, leaves fall, as if by the calendar, and it has been said that if an observant naturalist, who had long been shut out from the light of day and the society of men, without any means of measuring time, were suddenly brought into the fields and woods, he would be able, from the notes of the birds and the odours of the flowers, to discover the exact period of the year.

Atheists, or men professing to be atheists, tell us that this fair world of ours, and all this order and regularity, were and are the offspring of chance. When chance shall have made a watch, but not till then, it may be worth while for those of us who read with reverent eyes the gospel of nature, and look through it up to its holy Author, to chop logic with atheists, pantheists, and materialists.

THINKING.

THINKING is not dreaming. The world is full of dreamers. A few men do most of its thinking. Thinking is manufacturing. It is taking mental tools and hammering, and filing, and moulding, and shaping, until ideas have grown into full developed realities of the brain, with dimensions and clearly marked outlines. The reason there are not more thinkers is because thinking is work; it wears away tissue and muscle. It is tiresome. It requires time and purpose.

Men can dream while they sleep; to work they must be awake. Dreaming is tearing away the flood-gate and allowing the flood to pour through; if anything remains it is only driftwood that may chance to hang on the way. Minds fill with driftwood because they are not thinking. Thinking is measuring chances, weighing principles, watching the operation of law; it is a process of creeping upon things and taking them by surprise before they have time to get away.

A thinker is a hunter. He must live alone. He must be satisfied with small daily fare, and often see his game fly before he has time to shoot. He must have courage to face chasms, and dark places, and climb steep mountains. He must love solitude on an outpost hidden in the rocks.

And here is the reason this age is not profitable for good thinkers. It is an age of company, of travel, of theatre-going, of corporations and speculations. Men live in crowds. Communion with nature is shut out. There are no sparks because the flint and steel are not in contact. Men are following the college drones, “ponying” through life. Everybody wants to ride. Going to the spring for water is out of the fashion. The spring must come up the hill. We want to turn the faucet and have things run out to our hand, and

the faucet must be on casters, that it may be convenient.

For these reasons most people are only sponges; they live wholly by absorption and are like the thing they touched last. They wait for things to “turn up”; but the only thing they ever find turning up, especially for them, is a little sod in a lone corner of the graveyard, and they are at last laid away, while the great multitude having never missed them, ask in wonder, “When did he die?”

THE ARMY.

THE officers of the English army have been informed as to the future conditions of their service. A subaltern of 15 years' service will be entitled to £1,700 on leaving the service; if he serves for three years longer he is to get £2,000. The same gratuities are payable to captains, who also have the option of retiring on half pay after 15 years' service or of receiving £200 per annum for life after 20 years. Field officers come in for equally liberal treatment, majors getting pensions of £250 per annum after 23 years, and £300 after 27 years, while lieutenant-colonels are entitled to retiring allowances ranging from £250 to £365 a year, the latter amount being payable to them after 30 years' service.

Should a lieutenant-colonel complete the five years of command which entitle him to the rank of brevet-colonel, he will receive £420 for the rest of his life. These provisions apply equally to purchase and non-purchase officers, but the former have other valuable boons offered to them. A large sum will certainly be required every year, probably between £100,000 and £500,000 per annum at first, and about £300,000 after the first five years.

FACETIE.

It was at a party the other evening. There was a lull in the conversation, which made the host, who was inexperienced in party matters, somewhat nervous. With a view to relief he asked a mournful-looking man, who was set like a packing box up in one corner, if he was married.

“No, I am a bachelor,” stiffly replied the sombre man.

“Ah!” observed the host, warming up with the subject “how long have you been a bachelor?”

There was another lull in the conversation.

A QUIETUS.

He was sitting silently by her side one chilly evening last autumn, thinking of something to say. Finally he remarked: “How sad it is; the frost has come; and it will kill everything green.”

Thereupon the young lady extended her hand, and said in a sympathetic tone, “Good-bye.”

HIS CHOICE.

“My son,” said a doting mother to her eight-year old, “what pleasure do you feel like giving up during the London season?”

“Well, ma, I’ll stay away from school,” was the reply.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

AUNT MARY: “Why don’t you read, Tom, instead of loolling about?”

TOM: “Got nothing to read!”

AUNT MARY: “There’s your first prize in Monsieur Jolivet’s French class; a most delightful book!”

TOM: “How can I read that?—it’s in French!”

NEW DEFINITION.

“MAN” (from Mr. Pongo’s point of view)—“an imperfect species of gorilla.” —Funny Folks.

THE FASHION.

“DEAR me!” said Dr. Kindleigh, as a brace of young ladies tottered on before him with incipient muscular tetanus evident to his professional eyes in their high-heeled progress. “Only to think that if they were born so, their parents would pay any money to have the deformity cured.”

—Funny Folks.

ITEMS.

LADIES are nervous of sudden illnesses, but they all like a good fit.

The Turkish army have come to a pretty pass. It is called the Shipka, and they took it.

One of the registrars of the Bankruptcy Court is

to be sent out to India early next year for the benefit of the Indian Famine Districts. Spring Rice.

The destruction of Rostchuk is to be poetically celebrated by a Bomb bard. —Fun.

DIPLIMACY.

A YOUNG girl discovered her young brother out behind the shed, the other day, pulling away at a cigarette.

“There, young man!” she exclaimed, as the cigarette hastily disappeared behind the boy’s back; “I’ll tell your father of you—see if I don’t.”

“Yes, you tell ‘im,” resorted the brother, suddenly recovering himself: “you tell ‘im, an’ see how quick that feller o’ yours’ll skip. I’ll tell father how you an’ ‘m was sittin’ on the parlour sofa, an’ him huggin’ you. You jest go and tell, that’s all I ask.”

The sister very discreetly withdrew, while the young statesman finished his smoke in tranquility.

CONFIDENCE.

DON’T put too much confidence in a lover’s vows and signs,” said Mrs. Partington to her niece; “let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and eyes like an asterick; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart.”

A CERTAINTY.

“SAY, Pat! suppose Satan was to come along now and see both of us here, which do you suppose he would take—you or me?”

“Oh, faith, yer honour; he’d take me.”

“How so?”

“Well, sir,” said Paddy, “he’d take me now, because he would be sure of me when he came again; but he’d be sure of you at any time, and could afford to wait.”

A FIX.

THE North-Eastern Company were somewhat non-plussed the other evening. A man, forty stone weight, took a ticket from Carlisle to Newcastle, but his size was such that he could not get into a travelling carriage, and they were obliged to provide him a place in the van. He has been offered an engagement at a restaurant as a specimen of the nutritious quality of the fare.

SUPERSTITION.

A GENTLEMAN of a philosophical turn writes, that being at a farm at Christow, while on a walk he pulled a daffodil and put it in his button-hole. When he got back to the farmhouse he pulled out the flower and laid it on the table. Soon after a servant came into the room and saw the flower, and at once exclaimed:

“Who brought in this daffodil; did you, Mr. G.?”

He wished to know the reason for such superstition; he could get no satisfactory answer, only that it was so.

HE WOULDN’T BE A WIDOWER.

“MAMMA,” said a little five-year-old, “what is a widow, and what is a widower?”

The mother explained to the little fellow, and by way of further explanation, said:

“If you should grow up and get married, and your wife should die, why then you would be a widower.”

“Oh, no, I wouldn’t,” says the little fellow, “I’d court another girl.”

THAT HAND.

THEY sat in the parlour, and he squeezed her hand.

“Oh, would that this hand were mine,” he sighed.

“Why?” she simpered.

“Because, if it were mine, I could knock bullocks down with it better’n with a sledge-hammer.”

The last scene of that young man was trying to climb on top of the house by aid of the water-spout.

ON THE “SQUARE.”

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether Scotland Yard is a “square” yard or not. —Judy.

AN Opportune Season for the London Poor: The ‘opping season. —Fun.

A PRECENTOR IN A FIX.

AN amusing scene was witnessed in a country church in the neighbourhood of Pollockshaw on Sunday. The Paraphrase beginning, “I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,” was given out, and the precentor, who was a new hand, rose much agitated,

and began to sing. He had only got the words "I'm not ashamed" done, when he stuck fast. He made two more attempts, but twice again he stopped at the same place. This was too much for an old man in the middle of the church, who with a grin, chuckled out:

"Aweel, if he's no ashamed he micht be't."

VERY OBLIGING.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "won't you just stop again and get me some more worsted, as you come home this evening?"

"With pleasure," responded the husband; "I like to do business with that pretty girl who tends the counter."

He was never asked to stop again for worsted, or anything else.

THE DIFFERENCE.

My landlady, remarked a man, "makes her tea so strong that it breaks the cups."

"And mine," said another, "makes hers so weak that it can't run out of the pot."

If every dog should have his day, many men are dogs enough to be entitled to two apiece.

"SEEKING OTHERS AS OTHERS SEE US."

TRAVELLER: "A glass of ale, please. And look sharp! I want to catch a train!"

PORTMAN (who has been improving his opportunity in the absence of the landlord): "Shouldn't be justified sherrin' you, shir! 'Pears t'me you've had more'nish good for y' already, shir!"

—Punch.

RANKRUPTCY.

On a recent Sunday, collection was taken up at one of the churches. As the box reached a pew wherein sat a lady, her daughter, and little son, the two former found themselves without money. Master Hopeful reached over and deposited a penny in the box, and then whispered to his sister:

"There! just saved this family from being 'white-washed.'"

AT THE CHURCH FAIR.

SHE: "But you will buy this bouquet of me."

HE: "How much?"

SHE: A guinea.

HE: "Oh, I can't afford that."

SHE (kissing the bouquet): "And, now there!" (with triumphant air).

HE: "Ah, now it is altogether too precious for my purse." (And he gets out of it.)

AN UNFELINE REMARK.

The gentleman who bit a cat's tail off remarked the other day when receiving sentence: "I can do that bit for a cat's tail." Why didn't the magistrate call him back and give him nine more cats' tails? He missed a fine opportunity for Justice and a joke.

—Fun.

WHY is a keepsake like a ha'porth of blacking on your boots?—Because it's a sou venger. —Fun.

SUPPLEMENTARY CALCULATIONS.—The porter's, as to whether he will get a drink or not. —Fun.

"AS GOOD AS HE SENT."

TRAVELLER: Third-class to Dullingham.
TICKET CLERK (roughly): "Can't yer read? This ain't third-class."

TRAVELLER (mildly): "Beg pardon. Didn't look there. Made sure you were the third-class clerk—by your manner." —Fun.

STATISTICS.

THE POPULATION OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—"Le Nord" gives the following extract from the "Sal Namé," regarding the Turkish official annual report for the year 1294 of the Mahomedan, or 1876 of the Christian era, it being the first detailed statement issued by the Statistical Department of the Turkish Ministry of Public Instruction in respect to the population of the Ottoman Empire. The population of Turkey in Europe, according to this statement, amounts, exclusive of the inhabitants of Constantinople and its environs, to 4,700,182 souls. Bosnia has the largest population, numbering 1,013,068; the vilayet of the Danube, 907,774; that of Adrianople, 622,676 souls. Asiatic Turkey, including the territory of Tripolis (Barbary), has a population of 9,089,556 souls. The vilayet of Bagdad, having the greatest number of inhabitants, counts a population of 1,604,176 souls; Tripolis, 1,010,000; Erzeroum, 733,140; Aidin and Smyrna, 770,022. The population of Constantinople and its

neighbourhood amounts to 700,000 inhabitants. The nomadic population may be reckoned at about 2,000,000, making a total of 17,500,000 souls. To this, however, 2,000,000 more must be added as an approximate estimate of such inhabitants of Turkey as are not included in the above statement, which would raise the total number of the population in the Ottoman Empire to 19,500,000 souls.

DONALD'S RETURN.

THE eastern win' wis blowing cauld,
An' the sea wi' fury rolled
With whitening foam toward the land,
An' spent itsel' upon the strand.
Frae yon barque upon the tide,
Whaur the wild, surging billows ride,
A sma' skiff wis quickly steered,
An' aune auld Scotia's shore she near'd.

Then blithely frae the boat there
sprung
A sodger laddie, braw and young,
Ane mair, my native land, he cried,
I'll see my love, my bonnie bride.
I'll greet my Mary wi' a kiss,
And taste the joys o' languing bliss,
An' fauld her in my loving arms,
Bright joys shall banish all alarms.

Thou art my pride, my winsome Mary,
The peerless flow'r o' Inverary;
Thy Donald tas thy love returns,
His fond heart expectant burns.
For the sweet joys of love supreme,
Noo in my breast aye joy fu' teem,
Tae see aune mair thy pratty face
An' in my arms hae fond embrace.

Hae sune I reach the well known spot,
Whaur's enshrined my Mary's cot,
Embower'd in a lovely dell
That ecene tae me remember'd well.
Wi' eager steps I strode before
An' stood me by my Mary's door,
Wi' haste I knock'd but aune rapied,
Wad wait nae mair, but gang inside.

But wae! what noo, is this I see!
Can this a dreadful glamour be?
Could draps o' sweat stan' on my
broo,
I'm amais sick, and fainting noo.
Can I describe the awfu' ecene
That met my horror-stricken ee'n—
For here in dying beauty spread
My Mary dear lay on her bed!

Her dying look noo caught mine ain,
While waiting death stood wi' his
train;
Convulsively she seized my hand,
As by her bed I took my stand.
Na langer could my tears restrain,
But noo they wet my cheeks like rain;
I gazed upon her pratty face,
Sae sune tae pale in Death's em-
brace.

But still her glazing ee'n sought mine,
While shone her ain wi' love divine;
A heavenly smile lit up her face,
As death cut short her earthly race.
Ane look, ane clasp, ane glance aboon,
Then her dear hands fell gently doon,
That spirit fled tae heavenly skies,
An' left me wi' despairing eyes.

Sune life is cauld and wintry noo,
An' this pur hairt wi' wae is fu';
I wander tae my Mary's grave—
Whaur the weeping willows wawe.
But we shall meet aboon, I ken,
In the bright land o' glory then
Renew our bonds o' love benign,
An' praise the majesty divine.

F.S.

GEMS.

Do you mean to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man—at the very best, but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water, and buffet the surges.

We cannot earn genuine manhood except by steadily serving out the period of boyhood.

PROSPERITY seems to be scarcely safe unless it is mixed with a little adversity.

WHAT is this life but the circulation of little actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and redress, feed and grow hungry, work and play, and are weary; and then we lie down again and the circle returns.

THE ill effects of "slang" and other forms of offensive speech are too little understood. They lower the tone of the mind from which they emanate, and the tone of the minds that receive them. A man may live on plain fare, and be a true gentleman. A man may fare sumptuously every day, and yet be foul, unwholesome and vulgar. Not what enters, but what leaves the mouth lowers the man.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BOILED CUSTARD.—One quart boiled milk, four eggs, one cupful sugar, one even teaspoonful of cornstarch; beat the whites separate, and stir in when cold.

ICING PASTRY.—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven, and sift finely-powdered sugar over it. Replace it in the oven, and hold over it, until the sugar is melted, a hot iron shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot. For cold, beat up the whites of two eggs well, wash over the tops of the pies with a brush, and sift over this a good coating of sugar. Cause it to adhere to the egg and pie-crust; trundle over it a clean brush, dipped in water, till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

HAM CAKES.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and making an excellent dish for breakfast, is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put in into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage-machine. Soak a large slice of bread in a half-pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together. Add an egg, beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake a rich brown.

ORANGE PIE.—Grate the peel of one fresh orange, take the juice and pulp of two large oranges, add to them one cup of sugar, and the beaten yolks of three eggs, mix one cup of milk with the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a puff paste.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE 163d anniversary of the birth of Tannahill the poet was celebrated recently by 20,000 persons, on Gleniffer Braes, near Paisley. The song of that name composed by the unfortunate poet is an admirable one, but perhaps not so popular as "Gloomy Winter's noo awa," and "Jesse the Flower o' Dunblane." Tannahill ranks among the first-class song writers of Scotland, and well may the Paisley people be proud of their weaver-poet.

ON account of the increased damage to valuable books in the library of the British Museum the regulation as to the introduction of new readers by a substantial householder will in future be rigidly enforced.

THERE is a new sect in Russia called the "Purifiers," belonging to the Greek church. Their leading doctrines are that all must marry on coming of age, that the husband must be subordinate to the wife and recognise her as the head of the family, and that once a week he must confess his sins to his wife.

MR. W. H. HILL, an American envelope maker, in one day of ten working hours, with twenty-one machines and six hand folders, produced 1,324,000 envelopes, which he claims to be the largest number ever made in the same time by any manufacturer in the world.

MIDDLE TIETJENS, after what was hoped to be a return to convalescence, has experienced a sad relapse; another operation of a painful and exhausting character was found to be inevitable during the past week.

MISS LYDIA FOOTE has been succeeded at the Globe Theatre by Miss Compton.

A FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD.—At Denham, in Essex, a portion of the main road from Manningtree to Denham, parted by the seed grounds of East House Farm, is a huge field of parsnips twelve acres in extent, being grown for seed. The plants are four feet in height, and are rapidly unfolding their large, broad, flat heads of golden yellow flowers. The plants will attain a height of five, six, and seven feet; and, as the stems throw out liberal blooming shoots, it is aglow with a liberal field of floral gold. The sorts are the Student and the Improved Large Guernsey, two highly esteemed varieties. The field presents a wonderful sight, as curious as it is uncommon.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WEEKLY READER.—By your marriage all your property becomes your husband's unless the same has been bequeathed to you by will for your own personal use and benefit, or by a marriage settlement securing the benefit of any property, goods, or effects to yourself, your intended husband being a party to the deed.

W. R. (Leeds).—Nos. 676 to 707, containing "Reuben; or, only a Gipsy," will be sent post free for 3s. 10d.

POLLY.—1. Rinse the mouth well with a teaspoonful of concentrated solution of chloride of soda in a tumblerful of water. 2. Take a wineglassful of wormwood tea two or three times a day. In addition make an emulsion of bitter almonds, in half a pint of which dissolve two grains of corrosive sublimate; apply this, after softening the skin by bathing the face with warm water, at night, washing it off in the morning. 3. The meaning of *Amo* is, I love you—that is you and others that may be referred to. *Amo* te, I love you individually. In Latin a question is answered affirmatively by repeating the verb employed in the interrogation and negatively by the addition of the word *non*. Thus, *Dost thou love me* "should" be followed by *I do love thee*. "Yes, dearest," in that connection would be rendered "*Amo, carissima*" (feminine vocative), and where greater emphasis is required intensify the form with, say, the adverb "greatly"—"*maxime amo*," &c. 4. Handwriting of average merit. 5. There are many treatises published upon etiquette at from 3d. upwards. "Useful Hints for All," Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Fleet Street, price 1s. 6d. may suit you.

A CONSTANT READER (Nottingham).—1. Go to the nearest bookbinder, which would be the best and quickest way to proceed to get the READER bound; we do not undertake to bind for our readers in any way other than the volumes which may be had from our office. 2. The cost of a passage to Australia varies with the accommodation required and the class of ship, owners, &c., say from £40 to £60 first class. The outfit depends upon what you are likely to require; passengers are sometimes expected to take their own bedding, in other cases it may be unnecessary, and so on. Apply to an outfitter. We have no space for details. 3. THE LONDON READER is procurable in Australia of the local agents, or, if preferred, you can have it sent direct to you from the office on payment of necessary expenses and subscription in advance. 4. The information came to us in the ordinary way, but we have had no opportunity to verify its practical utility. See "Lady Ethelburga."

T. G.—Robert Scott Burns's "Architectural Drawing Book," price 2s., might meet your wishes. Consult also "Weale's Elementary Series" and "Cassell's Technical Educator."

A WOULD-BE SAILOR.—1. As nearly as we can judge from your present height you will probably reach five feet seven inches. 2, 3, and 4. Inquire of a shipping agent. We have not space enough to answer your questions in detail.

B. K. R.—Five feet eight inches and a half, we believe. LADY ETHELBURGA.—Milk of cucumbers may be good for the complexion, but as there appears to be a cathartic medicine of a poisonous character made from the American wild cucumber, and known as *elaterium*, we fear that as a cosmetic it might be injurious.

KATE.—Penmanship quite good enough for either situation. The remuneration is very fair in both.

MIKE FEE.—Contribution declined with thanks. E. N., E. C., and T. S.—Gloucester 114, Bury St. Edmunds 95, Cirencester 99 by rail.

E. H. N. and E. W., 1877.—Search the county directory.

K. M. (Southsea).—1. "having written a play I wish to ask you who I should offer it to a manager or a actor also whether this is a necessity of taking any steps," &c. If your play is like your letter we cannot encourage you to hope for a great success from it. Get if possible the candid opinion of an educated and competent person upon the merits of your composition, its suitability for the stage, &c., then, if the verdict be favourable, and the errors in orthography and construction not too glaring, submit it to a manager. The recommendation of a "starring" actor would materially assist you if procurable. 2. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

B. B.—No charge is made.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

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Biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

THE PRESENT NUMBER CONTAINS

DOCTOR STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

This feature will constitute both a highly interesting attraction and also a most useful

WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

J. W. E.—If you send us your advertisement it will be inserted in the usual way.

A. M.—Yes. A CONSTANT READER.—The information you require is probably contained in the Year Book of the religious body you mention.

Q. O. R.—We think you can. Apply at head-quarters. A CONSTANT READER.—Mix two drachms of solution of muriate of tin with four drachms of water and apply with a camel's-hair brush. When the writing has disappeared pass the paper through water and dry it.

JAMES.—1 and 2. The same fashion is still in vogue and cashmere is very decidedly in favour just now; but we cannot attempt to foretell what Caprice has in store for us, nor how soon a change may take place. 3. There is no newer style that we are aware of. 4. Handwriting of average merit.

E. T. S.—The subject of your lines is unsuitable, and the treatment quite commonplace.

THE BABY FOR ME.

I HAVE heard about babies angelic,
With a heavenly look in their eyes,
And hair like the sunbeams of morning
When first they appear in the skies,
And smiles like the smiles of a cherub,
And mouths like the buds of a rose,
And themselves like the lilies and daisies
And every sweet flower that grows.

My baby is the jolliest baby
That any one ever did see;
There's nothing angelic about him,
But he's just the right baby for me;
His smile's not at all like a cherub's,
But rather a comical grin;
And his hair—well, it favours the sunbeams,
When sunbeams are wondrously thin.

His eyes, though they're blue like the heavens,
Are remarkably earthly with fun;
And his mouth's rather large for a rose-bud,
Unless 'twere a half-opened one;
His hands don't resemble a fairy's
In the least. They're a strong little pair,
As you'd think, I am sure, if he'd got you
As oft he gets me—by the hair.

And he isn't a bit like a lily,
Or any sweet blossom that grows,
For no flower on earth, I am certain,
Has a dear little cunning pug-nose.
He's himself—full of mischief, the darling,
And as naughty as naughty can be
And I'm glad that he isn't angelic,
For he's just the right baby for me. C. D.

AMELIA C., twenty, brown hair, fair, loving, domesticated, respectable, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-one, dark, good-tempered, fond of home.

A. H. M., eighteen, of a loving disposition, fond of home and music, considered handsome, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be good-looking, fond of music.

F. F. F. G., nineteen, brown hair, hazel eyes, medium height, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

EMILY G., fair, good-looking, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-six, dark.

JANE C., twenty-six, fair, brown eyes, fond of home and children, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young man of her own age.

SYLVIA and LILY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Sylvia has dark hair and eyes, good-looking. Lily has golden hair, blue eyes, and very pretty.

MINNIE and LOUIS, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Minnie is tall, fair, good-looking. Louis has dark hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty.

MEDICUS, dark hair, blue eyes, tall, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

M. J. N., seventeen, dark, of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a young lady about his own age.

M. J. W. and H. R., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. M. J. W. is twenty, medium height, dark hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition. H. R. is nineteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes, good-tempered. Respondents must be between twenty-three and thirty, tall, dark, fond of home and children.

JOSEPH, twenty-three, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young lady about twenty-one, good-looking.

EMILY, twenty-one, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about her own age.

EDITH and ROSE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen between nineteen and twenty. Edith is tall, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music. Rose is of medium height, of a loving disposition, black hair, grey eyes. Both are between nineteen and twenty.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

L. D. is responded to by—Sindbad, twenty-one.

C. J. I. by—Minnie G., tall, fair, dark blue eyes, good-looking.

M. H. G. by—Mabel Maud, dark brown hair and eyes, tall, of a loving disposition.

MARION by—T. W. A., twenty-four, medium height, a Good Templar.

GEORGE by—S. W., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty, brown hair, hazel eyes.

J. S. W. by—Lizzie, twenty, brown hair, dark eyes, good-looking.

M. G. by—Alice, twenty, brown hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

W. W. by—Caroline, twenty, dark, medium height, fond of home.

JACK by—Miss M., twenty-seven, dark.

WILLIAM by—Bessie.

MYRA by—J. W. E., eighteen, medium height, dark, fond of home.

WILLIAM by—E. B., thirty-seven.

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